

THE
HISTORIE OF
the two valiant Knights,

Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden
Sheeld, sonne to the King of
Denmarke:

*And Clamydes the white Knight, sonne to the
King of Suauia.*

*As it hath bene sundry times Acted by her
Maiesties Players.*



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The Prologue.

A S lately lifting vp the leaves of worthy writers workes,
Wherein the Noble acts and deeds of many hidden larks,
Our Author he hath found the Glasse of glory shining bright,
Wherein their lynes are to be seene, which honour did delight,
To be a Lamborne unto those which dayly do desire,
Apollos Garland by desert, in time for to aspire,
Wherein the froward & chancies oft, of Fortune you shall see,
Wherein the chearefull countenance, of good successses bee:
Wherein trae Lowers findeth ioy, with hugie heapes of care,
Wherein as well as famous factes agaynt vs placidare:
Wherein the iust reward of both, is manifestly shewne,
That vertue from the roote of vice, might openly be knowne.
And don bring nought right Courteous al, in your accustomed woon
And gentle cares, our Author he, is prest to bide the brunt
Of bablers tonges, so whom he thinks, as frustrate all his toile,
As peereles rase to filthy Swine, which in the mire doth moile.
Well, what he hath done for your delighte, he gane not me in charge,
The Actors come, who shall expresse the same to you at large.



THE HISTORIE OF Sir Clyomon Knight of the golden Sheeld, son to the King of Denmark: And Clamydes the white Knight, sonne to the King of Swauia.

Enter Clamydes.

C Lamy. As to the wearie wadring wights, whom waltring waves embro,
No greater ioy of ioyes may be, then when from out the Ocean
They may behold the Altitude of Billowes to abate,
For to obserue the Longitude of Seas in former rate.
And hauing then the latitude of Sea-roome for to passe,
Their ioy is greater through the griefe, then erst before it was.
So likewise I Clamydes, Prince of Swavia Noble soyle,
Bringing my Barkē to Denmarke here, to bide the bitter broyle:
And beating blowes of Billowes high, while raging stormes did last,
My griefes was greater then mighte be, but tempelts ouerpast,
Such gentle calmes ensued hath, as makes my ioyes more
Through terror of the former feare, then erst it was before.
So that I sit in safetie, as Sea-man vnder shrowdes,
When he perceives the stormes be past, through vanquishing of Clowdes
For why, the doubtfull care that draue me off, in daunger to preuaile,
Is dashē through bearing lesser braine, and keeping vnder saile:
So that I haue through trauell long, at last possēt the place
Whereas my Barkē in harbour safe, doth pleasures great embrace:
And hath such license limited, as heart can seeme to aske,
To go and come, of custome free, or any other taske.

The Historie of Clyomon

I meane by *Juliana* she,that blaze of bewties breeding,
And for her noble gifts of grace,all other dames exceeding:
Shee hath from bondage set me free, and freed,yet still bound
To her, aboue all other Dames that huses vpon the ground:
For had not she bene mercifull, my ship had rusht on Rocks,
And so decayed amids the stormes, through force of clubbish knocks:
But when she saw the daunger great, where subiect I did stand,
In bringing of my silly Barkie, full fraught from out my land,
She like a meeke and modest Dame, what should I else say more?
Did me permit with full consent, to land vpon her shore:
Vpon true promise that I would, here faithfull still remaine,
And that performe which she had vowed, for those that should obtaine
Her princely person to possesse, which thing to know I stay,
And then aduenturously for her, to passe vpon my way.
Loe where she comes, ah peereles Dame, my *Juliana* deare.

Enter Juliana with a white Sheeld.

Juliana. My *Clamydes*, of troth Sir Prince, to make you stay thus here,
I profer too much iniurie, that hats doubleesse on my part,
But let it no occasion giue, to breed within your harte
Mistrust that I should forge or faine, with you my Loue in ought.

Clamy. No Lady, touching you, in me doth lodge no such a thought,
But thankes for your great curtesie that would so friendly heere
In mids of miserie receive, a forraine straunger meere:
But Lady say, what is your will, that it I may perstand?

Julia. Sir Prince, vpon a vow, who spowfeth me, must needly take in hand
The flying Serpent for to sley, which in the Forrest is,
That of strange manuels beareth name, which Serpent doth not mis
By dayly vse from every coast, that is adyacent there,
To fetch a Virgin made or wife, or else some Lady faire,
To feed his hungrie panch withall, if case he can them take,
His nature loe it onely is, of women spoyle to make:
Which thing no doubt, did daunt me much, and made me vow indeed,
Who should espouse me for his wife, should bring to me his head:
Whereto my father willingly, did giue his like consent,
Lo Sir *Clamydes*, now you know what is my whole intent:
And if you will as I haue said, for me this trauell take,
That I am yours, with heart and mind, your full account do make.

Clamy. Ah

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Cla. Ah Lady, if case these trauels should surmount, the trauels whereby
Vnto the worthies of the world, such noble brute and fame,
Yea though the dangers shoulde surpasle stout *Hercules* his toyle,
(came
Who fearing noughe the dogged feend, sterne *Serbarus* did foyle.
Take here my hand, if life and limbe the liuing Gods do lend,
To purchase thee, the dearest drop of bloud my heart shall spend.
And therefore Lady lincke with me, thy loyall heart for aye,
For I am thine til fates vntwine, of vital life the stay:
Protesting here if Gods affist, the Serpent for to kil.

Int. Then shalt thou of all women win, the heat and great good wil,
And me possesse for spowfed wife, who in election am
To haue the Crownē of *Denmarkē* here, as heire vnto the same.
For why, no childrep hath my sise besides me, but one other,
And he indeed is heire before, for that he is my brother.
And *Clyomon* so hight his name, but where he doth remaine,
Vnto my Parents is vnowne, for once he did obtaine
Their good wils for to go abroad, a while to spend his daies,
In purchasing through actiue deeds, both honour, laud and praise;
Whereby he might deserue to haue the orders of a Knight,
But this omitting vnto thee, *Clamydes* here I plight.
My faith and troth, if what is said by me thou dost performe.

Clamy. If not, be sure O Lady with my life, I neuer will returne.

Int. Then as thou seemest in thine attire, a Virgins Knight to be,
Take thou this Sheeld likewise of white, and beare thy name by me,
The white Knight of the Siluer Sheeld, to elevate thy praise.

Clamy. O Lady as your pleasure is, I shall at all assayes
Endeuour my good will to win, if *Mars* do send me might,
Such honour as your grace with ioy, shall welcome home your Knight.

Int. Then farewell my deare *Clamydes*, the gods direct thy way,
And graunte that with the Serpents head, behold thy face I may.

Exe.

Clamy. You shall not need to doubt thereof, O faithfull Dame so true,
And humbly kissing here thy hand, I bid thy Grace adue.
Ah happie time and blisfull day, wherein by fate I find
Such friendly fauours as is foode, to feede both heart and mind:
To *Shania* sole I swiftly will prepare my foot-steps right,

Theo.

The Historie of Clyomon,

There of my father to receive the order of a Knight:
And afterwards address me selfe in hope of honours Crowne,
Both Tyger fell and Monster fierce, by dñe for to drue downe.
The flying Serpent soone shall feele, how boldly I dare vaunte me,
And if that Hydras head she had, yet dread should never daunt me.
If murdering Minotaure, a man might count this ougly beast,
Yet for to win a Lady such, I do account it least
Of trauels toyle to take in hand, and therefore farewell care,
For hope of honour sends me forth, mongst warlike wights to share.

Exit.

Enter Sir Clyomon Knight of the golden Sheeld, sonne to the King of Denmarke, with subtil Shift the Vice, booted.

Clyo. Come on good fellow follow me, that I may vnderstand
Of whence thou art, thus travelling here in a forraine land:
Come why dost thou not leaue loytering there, and follow after me?

Shift. Ah I am in ant shall please you.

Clyo. In, why where art thou in?

Shift. Faith in a dirtie Ditch with a woman, so beraide, as it's pittie to see.

Clyo. Wel, I see thou art a merrie cōpanion, I shall like better of thy cōpany:
But I pray thee come away.

Shift. If I get out one of my legs as fast as I may
Halo, A my buttocke, the very funderation thereof doth breake,
Halo, once againe, I am as fast, as though I had frozen here a weeke.
Here let him slip up onto the Stage backwards, as though he had pulld his leg out of the mire, one boote off, and rise up to run in againe.

Clyo. Why how now, whither runst thou, art thou foolish in thy minde
Shift. But to fetch one of my legs ant shall please, that I haue left in the
mire behind.

Clyo. One of thy legs, why looke man, both thy legs thou hast,
It is but one of thy bootes thou hast lost, thy labour thou doest wast.

Shift. But one of my bootes, I lesu, I had such a wrench with the fall,
That I assure, I did thinke one of my legs had gone withall.

Clyo. Well let that passe, and tell me what thou art, and what is thy name?
And from whence thou cam'st, and whither thy iourney thou doest frame,
That I haue met thee by the way, thus travelling in this sort?

Shift. Whas

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Shift. What you haue requested, am that please, I am able to report,
What I am by my nature each wight shall perceiue
That frequenterth my company, by the leathing I haue.
I am the sonne of Appollo, and from his high seate I came,
But whether I go, it skils not, for knowledge is my name:
And who so hath knowledge, what needeth he to care
Which way the wind blowe, the way to prepare.

Cly. And art thou knowledge, of troth I am glad that I haue met with thee.

Shift. I am knowledge, and haue as good skill in a woman as any man
whatsoeuer he be.

For this I am certaine of let me but lie with her all night,
And Ile tell you in the morning, whither she is maide, wife, or spight:
And as for other matter, speaking of langishes, or any other thing,
I am able to serue ant shall please, ant were great ~~Alexander~~ the King.

Clyo. Of troth, then for thy excellencies I will thee gladly entertaine,
If in case that with me thou vilt promise to remaine.

Shift. Nay ant shall please ye, I am like to a woman, say nay and rake it,
When a gentleman proffers entertainment, I were a foote to forsake it.

Clyo. Well knowledge, then sith thou art content my seruante to bee,
And endued with noble qualities, thy personage I see,
Thou hauing perfect knowledge, how thy selfe to behaue:
I will send thee of mine arrant, but haste thither I trave:
For here I will stay thy comming againe.

Shift. Declare your pleasure sir, and whither I shall go, and thich the case
is plaine.

Clyo. Nay of no great importance, but being here in *Sussex*
And neare vnto the Court, I would haue thee to take thy way
Thither with all speede, because I would haue

If any shewes or triumphis be towards, else would I not come there,
For onely vpon seates of armes, is all my deight.

Shift. If I had knowne so much before, serue that seruile will, I would haue
seru'd no martiall Knight.
Well sir, to accomplish y our will, to the court I will by,
And what newes is there stirring, bring word by and by.

Clyo. Do so good knowledge, and here in place thy comming I will stay:
Exit.
For

The Historie of Chymer.

For nochtong doth delight me more, than to heare of martiall play,
Can fonde vnto the hungrie corps, because of greater ioy.
Then for the haughty heart to heare, which doth it selfe employ,
Through martiall exercisles much to winne the bruit of Fame,
Where mates do meete which ther eyne, their fauncies seemes to frame,
Can musick more the penitue heart, or daunted mind delight,
Can comfort more the carefull corps, and ouer palled sprighe,
Reioyce, then sound of Trumper doth each wight allure,
And Drum and Fyne unto the fighthe doth noble hearts procure,
To see in sunder shiuered, the Lance that leades the way,
And worthy knyghts to bequered, in field amidst the fray,
To heare the ryching Campions roare, and Hyles on Helmets ring,
To see the soldierns swartne on heapes, where valiant hearts doss bring
The cowardly crew into the gale of carefull Captives band,
Where auncient braue display entbe, and wonne by force of hand.
What wight would not as well delight, as this to heare and see,
Betake himselfe in like affaires, a fellow manke to bee,
With Chymer, so Denmarke King, the onely sonne and heire,
Who of the Golden Sheeld as new, the knightly namedoth bear,
In every land since that I soyld the worthy Knight of Fame,
Sir Samuel before the King, and Prince of martiall game,
Alexander cald the Great, which when he did behold,
He gave to me in recompence, this Sheild of glittering Golds,
Requesting for to know my name, the which shall not be shonen
To any Kight, vnlesse by force he make it to be knownen.
For so I vowed to Denmarke King, my fathers grace when I
First got his leauue, that I abroad my force and strength might try,
And so I haue my selfe behau'd, in Cittie, Towne and field,
That never yet did fall reproach, to the Knight of the Golden Shield.

Enter Subtil Shift, running.

Shift. Goddame, where are you, where are you, and you bee a man
come away.

Chy. Why what is the matter knowledge to tell thy arrand stay.

Shift. Stay, what talke you of staying, why then all the sight will be past,
Chymer the Kings sonne shall be dubb'd Knight in all hast.

Chy. Ah knowledge, then come indeed, and good pastime thou shalt see,
For I will take the honour from him, that dubbed I may bee.

Vpon

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Vpon a couragious stomacke, come let vs haste thither.

Exe.

Shift. Leade you the way and ile follow, weele be both made knyghts to
Ah surrah, is my maister so lustie, or dares he be so bold?
It is no maruell then, if he beare a Sheeld of Gold.
(gither,
But by your patience, if he continue in this busynesse, farewell maister than,
For I promise you, I entend not very long to be his man:
Although vnder the tytle of knowledge my name I do faile,
Subtil Shift I am called, that is most plaine,
And as it is my name, so it is my nature also,
To play the shifting knave wheresoever I go.
Well, after him I will, but soft now, if my maister chance to be lost
And any man examine me, in telling his name I am as wise as a post.
What a villaine was I, that ere he went, could not aske it?
Well, its no great matter, I am but halfe bound, I may serue whom I will yet.

Exe.

Enter the Ring of Statua, with the Herald before him:

Clamydes, threes Lords.

King. Come Clamydes thou our sonne, thy Fathers talke attēnd,
Since thou art prest thy yourthfull dayes in prowessle for to spend,
And doest of vs the order aske, of knighthood for to haue,
We know thy deeds deserues the same, and that which thou doest craue
Thou shal be possesse: but first my sonne, know thou thy fathers charge,
And what to knighthood doth belong, thine honour to enlarge:
Vnto what end a knight is made, that likewise thou maiste know,
And beare the same in mind also, that honour thine may flow
Amongst the worthies of the world, to thy immortall fame:
Know thou therefore, Clamydes deare, to haue a knightly name
Is first aboue all other things his God for to adore,
In truth according to the lawes prescribde to him before,
Secondly, that he be true vnto his Lord and king,
Thirdly, that he keepe his faith and troth in every thing.
And then before all other things that else we can command,
That he be alwaies ready prest, his countrey to defend:
The Widow poore, and fatherlesse, or Innocente bearing blame,
To see their cause redressed right, a faithfull knight must frame:

B 2

I.

The Historie of Clymene

To know his name and what he is, or as I said before,
Do neuēr view thy father I, in presence any more.

Clym. Well father, sith it is your charge, and precept given to me,
And more for mine owne honours sake, I frankly do agree
To vnderstāke the enterprise, his name to vnderstand,
Or neuēr else to shew my face againe in S'mere land.
Wherefore I humbly do desire the order to receive,
Of Knighthood, which my sole desire hath euer bese to haue:
It is the name and meane, whereby true honour is attayned:
Let me not then O father deare, thereof be now deprived.
Sith that mine honour cowardly was stolne by Cainiffe he,
And not by dasted dastards deed, O father lost by me.

King. Well Clymnes, then kneele downe, here in our Nobles sight,
We gane to thee that art our sonne, the order of a Knight:
But as thou wile our fauour winne, accomplish my desire.

Clym. Else never to your roiall Court, O father ile retire.

King. Well, then adde, Clymnes deare, the Gods thine ayder be:
But come my Lordes, to haue his hire, that Cainiffe bring with me.

Shift. Alas, not shall please you, I am knowledge, and no euill did pretend,
Set me at libertie, it was the knyght that did offend.

Cly. O father, sith that he is knowledge, I beseech your grace set him free,
For in these affaires, he shall write and tend on me:
If he will procel, to be true to me ever.

Shift. Ah Noble Clymnes, heeres my handiale deceiue you never.

Clym. Wel then father, I beseech your Grace grant that I may haue him.
King. Well Clymnes, I am content, sith thou my sonne doest crave him.
Receue him therefore as my hands. My Lordes come lets depart.

All. We ready are so, waite on you O King, with willing hart.

Exeunt.

Clym. Well knowledge, do prepare thy selfe, for here I do procel,
My fathers precepts to fulfill, no day nor night to rest
From toy home trauell, till I haue revengd my cause aright,
On him who of the golden Sheeld, now beareth name of knyght:
Who of mine honour hath me rebde, in such a cowardly sorte,
As for to be of noble heart, it doth him noe import.
But knowledge, to me thy seruice still thou must with loyall hart professe.

Shift. Vse

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Shift. Vse me that all other vilians may take ensample by me, if I digresse.

Clym. Well then come follow speedly, that him purpos we may. (Exe.)

Shift. Keepe you before and shall please you, for I mind not to stay.

Ahsirrah Shift, thou wast driven to thy shiftis now indeed,
I dreame d bfore, that vntowardly I should speed:

And yet it is better lucke then I looked to have:

But as the proverbe saith, good fortune euer hapneth to the veryest knave:

And yet I could not escape with my maister, do what I can,

Well by this bargaine he hath lost his new Serving-man,

But if Clymnes overtake him now, what buffets will there be,

Vnlesse it be foure miles off the fray, there will be no standing for me.

Well after him I will, but howsoeuer my maister speed,

To shift for my selfe I am fully decreed.

(Exe.)

Enter King Alexander the Great, as valiantly set forth as may be,
and as many sondiers as can.

Alex. After many invincible victories, and conquests great attayned,
I Alexander with sound of Fame, in safarie am arrived.

Vpon my borders long wished for, of Macedonia soile,

And all the world subiect haue, through force of warlike toile,

O Mars I lawd thy sacred name, and for this safe retorne,

To Pallas Temple will I wend, and sacrifices burne

To thee, Bellona and the rest, that warlike wights do guide,

Who for King Alexander did, such good successe prouide.

Who bowes not now vnto my becke, my force who doth not feare?

Who doth not of my conquests great, throughout the world haue?

What King as to his soueraigne Lord, doth now noe bow his knee?

What Prince doth raigne vpon the earth, which yeelds nos vnto mee?

Due homage for his Regall Mace? What countrey is at libertie?

What Dukedom, Iland, or Province else, to me now are not tributarie?

What Fort of Force, or Castle strong, haue I not battered downe?

What Prince is he, that now by me, his Princely seate and Crowne

Doth not acknowledge for to hold, nor one the world throughout,

But of King Alexander's power they all do stand in doubt?

They feare as Fowles that howering flie, from out the Fawcons way,

As Lambe the Lyon, so my power, she stowest do obey.

In field who hath not felt my force, where battering blowes abounde?

King.

III. The Story of Clymon

King of Myson, who hast me from his hands to meesse ground,
And yet art thou wretched art thou a mortall wight,
For all that creatures hast got or wonne by force in fighthe.

I. Lo. Acknowledging thy state & King to be as thou hast said,
The Gods no doubt as they haue bene will be thy shield and aid
In all attemptes thou takst iustice, forke no glorie vaine
To haue felowes, but acknowledgyng thy victories and gaine,
Through the presidents of sacred Gods to happen unto thee,
For vaine is cruse, that in handfylmen doth repole we see:
And therefore I did shew videntia which shoud King hast got,
Shouing thine eyen with a rognade, thy noble face to blos,
Let that vistorious Prince his woodes, of Macedon thy fire,
To acknowledge still thy state O King, thy noble heart inspire,
Who as perellis vitorie, triumphantly obtained,
Least that the great felicite of that which she had gained,
Should dawbe her selfe to haue life, and thid her did provide,
Which came vnto her chamber drowsy, and every stoming cryde
Therby, thou art a mostall man, this prafite of thy fire,
Amidst all this thy victories, thy seruants doth desire,
O Alexander that shew videntia point within thy mind,
And then no doubt as fader did, shew filial sweete shall find.

Alex. My Lord, y eare shewfull doubletelle I tellte me, and with grete
thanks agayn my selfe haue I toldt you, and you haue
I do require your counte recording this is plaine,
All vaine glory from my hand: and lince the Gods divine,
To vs aboue all others King, this fortune doeth affigne,
To haue in our subjection the world for most part,
We will at this ent hourre resume, with feruente deale of hart,
In Palaces nuptiall to the gods, such sacrifices make,
Of thankfullnes to our successe, as they in past shall take
The same, as qualitie of sufficienc from us for to
Come the next day to homeward demand to accomplish his intent.

Clym. We readiede to follow this King, to follow thee with victories
Alex. Then haue dyonic Drums and Trumpets both, that we may march
triumphantly.

Enter. Enter a cowardly knyght, shewing his shield and sword, and a ruffian.

Enter

Knight of the golden Sheeld

Enter Sir Clymon, Knight of G. S., and a knyght.

Cly. Now Clymon a knyght thou art, though some perhaps may say,
Thou cowardly camst to Clamydes, and stole his right away:
No, no, it was no cowardly part, to come in presence of a king,
And in the face of all his Colours, to do so worthy a thing,
Amidst the mates that martiall be, and sterne knyghtes of his hall,
To take the knighthood from their Prince, even ringer of them all.
It gives a guerdon of goodwill, to make my glory glance,
When warlike wights shall heare thereof, my fame they will advance:
And where I was pretended late to Denmarke king my sire,
His royll grace to see, homeward to retire,
Now is my purpose altered by brake of late report,
And where fame resteth to be had, thither Clymon will resort:
For as I understand by fame, that worthy Prince of might,
The conqueror of conquerors, who Alexander hight,
Returning is to Macedon, from many a bloudie broyle,
And there to keepe his royll Court, now after wearie toyle,
Which makes the mind of Clymon, with ioyes to be clad,
For there I know of martiall mates, is company to be had.
Adm therefore, both Denmarke king and Swans Prince beside,
To Alexanders Court I will, the Gods my iourney guide.

Enter Clamydes and Shift.

Clamy. Come knowledge here he is, nay stay thou cowardly knyght,
That like a dastard camst, to steale away my right.

Cly. What, what, you raille sir peacockes Prince, me coward for to call,
Shift. Art shall please you he is a coward, he would haue hynde me,

Amidst your fathers hall,
To haue done it for him, being himselfe in such stay
That scarcely he durst, before your presence appeare.

Cly. Why how now knowledge, what forlacke thy maister so soone?
Shift. Nay maister was, but not maister is, with you I haue done.

Clamy. Well for what intent camst thou, my honour to steale away?

Cly. That I tooke ought from thee, I vtterly deny.

Clamy. Didst not thou take the honour, which my father to me gaue?

Cly. Of that thou hadst not, I could thee not deprave.

Clamy. Didst not thou take away my knighthood from me?

Cly. No, for I had it before it was giuen vnto thee:

C

And

The Historie of Chyomon

And having it before thec, what Argument canst thou make,
That euer from thee the same I did take?

Shift. Thats true, he recens'd the blow before at you it came,
And therefore he tooke it not from you, because you had not the same.

Clamy. Well, what highe thy name, let me that vnderstand,
And wherefore thou traualdest here in my fathers land
So boldly to attempt in his Court such a thing?

Cyo. The bolder the attempt is, more fame it doth bring:
But what my name is desir'est thou to know?

Shift. Nay he hath stolen sheepe I thinke, for he is ashamed his name for to
show.

Clamy. What thy name is, I would gladly perstand:

Cyo. Nay that shall never none know, vnlesse by force of hand:
He vanquish me in figh, such a vow haue I made,
And therefore to combat with me, thy selfe do perswade,
If thou wilt know my name.

Clamy. Well, I accord to the same.

Shift. Nay then God be with you, if you be at that poyn't I am gone.
If you be of the fighters disposition, ile leauue you alone.

Clamy. Why stay knowl dge, althogh I fight, thou shalt not be molested.

Shift. Ant shall please you, this feare hath made me beray my selfe,
with a Proynstone that was not digested.

Cyo. Well Clamy des stay thy selfe, and make my sayings here:
And do not thinke I speake this same, for that thy force I feare,
But that more honour may redound, vnto the victors part,
Wilt thou here give thy hand to me, withouten fraud of harte
Vpon the faith which to a knight doth rightly appertaine,
And by the loyaltie of a knight, ile sweare to thee againe,
For to obserue my promise just, which is if thou agree,
The fifteenth day next following, to meeete Sir Prince with mee,
Before King *Alexanders* grace, in *Macedonia* soyle,
Who all the world subiect hath, through force of warlike toylo:
For he is chiche of chivalrie, and king of Martiall mates,
And to his roiall Court thou knowest, repaire all estates.
Giuue me thy hand vpon thy faith, of promise not to faile,
And here is minis to thee againe, if Fortunes froward gale.

Resist

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Resist me not, the day forespoke to meeete sir Prince with theo,
Before that king to try our strengths, say if thou doest agree,
For tryple honour will it be to him that gets the victorie,
Before so worthy a Prince as he, and Nobles all so publikely,
Where otherwise if in this place we shold attempt the same,
Of the honour that were got thereby, but small would be the fame.

Clamy. Well Sir knight, here is my hand, ile meeete in place forespoke.

Cyo. And by the loyaltie of a knight, ile not my words reuoke.

Clamy. Till then adieu, ile keepe my day.

Exit.

Clamy. And I, if fates do not gainsay.

Shift. What is he gone, and did take no leave of me?
Iesu so vnmannerly a Gentleman did any man see,
But now my Lord which way will you travell declare?

Clamy. Sith I haue fiftene dayes respit my selfe to prepare,
My Ladies charge for to fulfill, behold I do entend.

Shift. Your Lady ant shall please you, why who is your Lady, may a man
be so bold as aske and not offend?

Clamy. *Juliana* daughter to the King of Denmarke loe is she,
Whose knight I am, and from her hands this shiedl was giuen to me,
In signe and token of good will, whose noble grace to gaine,

I haue protested in her cause for to omit no paine
Nor traui'e, till I haue subdued the flying Serpents force,
Which in the Forrest of Maruels is, who taketh no remorte
Of wome' kind, but doth devoure all such as are a stray,
So that no one dares go abroad, nor wander forth the way.

And sith I haue yet fiftene dayes, my selfe for to prepare,
To meeete the Knight of the Golden Shield, my heart is voyd of care.
I will vnto the Forrest wend, sith it is in my way,
And for my *Juliana* sake, that cruel Serpent slay.

Shift. What are you a mad man, will you wilfully be staines
If you go into that Forrest, you will never come out againe.

Clamy. Why so knowledge, dost thou thinke the Serpent I feare?

Shift. No, but do you not know of *Bryansance foy*, the champion dwells there

Clamy. A cowardly knight knowledge is he, and dares fight with no
man.

C 2

Shift. Ah

The Historie of Clyomon

Shift. Ah a noble match, couple him and me together than:
Yea, but although he dares not fight, and Enchanter he is,
And whosoever comes in that Forrest, to enchant he doth not mis.

Clamy. Tush, tush, I feare him not knowledge, and therefore come away.
Exit.

Shift. Well seeing you are so wilfull, go you before ile not stay.
Ah sircah, nowe I know all my maisters mind, the which I did not before,
He aduentureth for a Lady, well I say no more:
But to escape the enchantments of *Bryan Sance foy*,
Thats *Bryan* without faith, I haue deuisde a noble toy:
For he and I am both of one consanguinitie,
The veryest cowardly villaine that euer was borne, thats of a certaintie.
Ile fight with no man, no more will *Bryan*, thats plaine:
But by his enchantmentes, he putteth many to great paine.
And in a Forrest of strange manuels doth he keepe,
Altogither by enchantmentes to bring men a sleepe,
Till he haue wrought his will of them, to *Bryan* straight will I,
And of my maisters comming to the Forrest informe him priuily,
So shall I win hi fauour, and subtil *Shift* in the end,
Thou shalt escape his enchantment, for he will be thy frend:
Well vnowne to my maister, for mine owne safegard this will I do,
And now like a subtil shifting knaue, after him ile go.
Enter Bryan lance foy.

Bry. Of *Brian sance foy* who hath not heard? not for his valiant acts,
But well I know throughout the world, doth ring his cowardly facts.
What tho I pray, all are not borne to be God Mars his men,
To toy with dauidie dames in cours, should be no copsmates them.
If all were given to chivaltie, then *Venus* might go weape,
For any Court in Venerie, that sh. were like to keepe.
But shall I frame then mine excuse, by seruing *Venus* sh.,
When I am knowne shroughout the world, faint hearted for to be?
No, no, alas, it will not serue, for many a knight in loue,
Most valiant hearts do doubt they haue, and knightly prowesse proue,
To get their Ladies loyall hearts, but I in *Venus* yoke,
Am foest for want of valiantie, my freedome to prouoke:
Bearing the name and port of knight, enchantments for to vse,

Wherewith

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Wherewith full many a worthy wighte, most cowardly I abuse:
As witnesfith the number now, which in my Castle lye,
Who if they were at libertie, in armes I durst not try.
The feeblest there though he vnarmd, so is my courage danted,
When as I see the glittering armes, whereby each Knighte is wanted.
But how I vanquish these same Knights, is wonderfull to see,
And Knights that ventured for her loue, whom I do loue they bee.
Thats *Juliana*, daughter to the King of Denmarks grace,
Whose beautie is the cause that I do haunt or keepe this place.
For that no wight may her possesse, vniess by vow decreed,
He bring and do present to her the flying Serpents head.
Which many hath attempt to do, but none yet could him slay,
Ne afterward hence backe againe, for me could passe away:
For that through my enchantments lo, which heere this Forrest keepc,
So soone as I did looke on them, they straight were in a sleepe.
Then presently I therin vnarmd, and to my Castle brought,
And there in prison they do lye, not knowing what was wrought.
Lothus I range the woods to see who doth the Serpent slay,
That by enchantment I may take the head from him away:
And it present vnto the Dame, as though I were her Knight,
Well heere comes one, ile shrowd my selfe, for sure I will not fight:

Enter Subtil Shift.

(*sance foy?*)

Shift. Gogs bloud where might I mette with that cowardly knaue *Bryan*
I could tell him such a tale now as would make his hart leape for ioy.
Well yonder I haue espied one, whosoever he be.

Bryan. Nay gogs bloud ile be gone, he shall not fight with me,
But by enchantment ile be eu'en with him by and by.

Shift. A ant shall please you, ile fight with no man, never come so nye.

Bryan. Why what art thou declare? whether doost thou run? (the sun.)

Shift. Euen the cowardly est villaine ant shall please you that liues vnder

Bryan. What of my fraternitie, doest thou not know *Bryan sance foy*?

Shift. What maister *Bryan*, lesu how my hart doth leape for ioy,
That I haue met with you, who euer had better lucke?

Bryan. But touch me not.

Shift. Wherefore?

Bryan. Alest you enchant me into the likenesse of a bucke.

The Historie of Chyomon

Shift. Tush, tush, I warrant thee, but what art thou declare?

Bryan. Knowledge and it shall please you, who hither doth repaire
To tell you good newes.

Shift. Good newes; what are they knowledge expresset?

Bryan. A Knight hath slaine the flying Serpent.

Shift. Tush it is not so.

Bryan. It is most true that I do confesse.

Shift. Ah what highe his name Knowledge let me that understand.

Clamydes the White Knight, soane to the King of Swanes land,
Who for Iusona, daughter to the King of Denmarkes grace,
Did take the attempt in hand, now you know the whole case.

Bryan. Ah happy newes of gladsomnesse vnto my danted mind,
Now for to winne my Ladys loue, good fortune is assynd:
For though she be Clamydes, right wonne worthely indeed,
Yet will I sure possesse that Dame, by giuing of the head.

But Knowledge where about declare, doeth that Clamydes rest?

Shift. Euen hard by in the Forrest heere where he slew the beast
I left him, and to seeke you did hye:

But let vs go furder into the woods, you shall meete him by and by.

Bryan. Well Knowledge for thy paines take this as some reward,
And if thou wilt abide with me, be sure ile thee regard
Above all others of my men, besides ile giue to thee
A thing, that from enchantments aye, preservued shal thou be.

Shift. Then here is my hand, ile be your seruane ever:

Bryan. And seeing thou art a coward as well as I, ile forsake thee never.
But come let vs go Clamydes to meete.

Exeunt.

Shift. Keepe on your way and ile follow, I trust if he meete him, heele
take him to his feete.

Gogs bloud was euer seene such a iole headed villaine as he,
To be so afraid of such a faint hart knaue as I am to see?
Of the fraternitie quoth you? birlady its a notable brood:
Well Shift thef chinks doeth thy hart sorne good:
And ile close with Bryan till I haue gotten the thing
That he hath promised me, and then ile be with him to bring.
Well such shifting knaves as I am, the ambodexter must play,

And

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

And for commoditie serue euery man, whatsoever the world say:
Well after Bryan I will, and close with him awhile,
But as well as Clamydes, in the end ile him begite.

Enter Clamydes, with the head upon his sword.

Clamy. Ah happy day my deadly foe submited hath to death,
Lo heere the hand, lo heere the sword that stopt the vitall breath:
Lo heere the head that shall possesse my *Iustinas* deare,
The Knight of the golden Sheeld his force, what neede I now to feare:
Since I by foree subdued haue this Serpent fierce of myght,
Who vanquisht hath as I haue heard, full many a worthie Knight.
Which for to winne my Ladys loue, their liues haue venterd heere,
Besides that cowardly Bryan which the faithlesse shield doth bearre:
A number keepes as I haue heard, as captiues in his hold,
Whome he hath by enchantment got, and not through courage bold.
Shall such defamed dastards, dard by Knights, thus beare their name?
Shall such as are without all faith, liue to impaire our fame?
Shall valiant harts by cowardly charme, be kept in captiues thrall?
Shall Knights liue subiect to a wretch which hath no hart at all?
Nay first Clamydes claime to thee fell *Atrapos* his stroke,
Fer thou doest see such worthy Knights to beare the heauie yoke,
Of cowardly Bryan withoute faith, his charmes let daunt not thee,
And for his force thou needst not feare, the Gods thy shield will be.
Well, to meete the Knight of the golden Shield, yet ten daies space I haue,
And to set free these worthy Knights, but rest a while I craue.
Heere in this place neere to this fort, for that I weary am
With trauell, since from killing of the Serpent late I came: *Heere let him*
Lo heere a while I mind to rest, and Bryan then subdue, *sit downe and*
rest himselfe. And then to Alexanders court, to keepe my promise true.

Enter Bryan fance foy, and Shift.

Bryan. Come Knowledge, for here he lyes layd weary on the ground:
Shift. Nay, ile not come in his sight, if you would giue me a thousand
For he is the terriblest Knight of any you haue heard spoke, *(pound).*
Heele beate a hundredth such as you and I am downe at one stroke.

Bryan. Tush, feare thou naught at al', I haue charmed him, and he is fast
Lying neere vnto the Castle here which I do keepe. *(asleepe).*
And ten daies in this sleepe I haue charid him to remaine,

Before

The Historie of Clyomon

Before nature shall overcome it, that he might wake againe.
In the meane season, lo behold the Serpents head ile take away,
His shield and his apparell, this done, then will I conuay
His body into prison, with other his companions to lye,

Whose strengths, ab knowledge, I durst never attempe to try.

Shift. Ah handle him sofely, or else you wil cause him to awake:

Bryan. Tush, tush, noe if al who noyse in the world I were able to make,
Till ten dayes be expired, the charme will not leau him,
And then I am sure he will agenell who did thus deceave him:
So now he is stripped, stay thou here for a season,
And ile go fetch two of my seruantes to carry him into prison.

Exit.

Shift. Well do so maister Bryan, and for your comming ile stay,
Gog's bloud what a villaine am I, my maister to betray.
Nay sure ile awake him if it be possible ere they carry him to iayle:
Maister, what maister, awake man, what maister, ah it will not preuaile.
Am not I worthie to be hangd, was never seene such a deceitfull knaue?
What villany was in me, when unto Bryan vnderstanding I gaue
Of my maisters being in this forrest, but much I maste indeed
What he meaneas to do with my maisters apparell, his shield and the heads
Well, seeing it is through my villany, my maister is at this drift,
Yet when he is in prison, Shift shall not be vioide of a shift
To get him away, but if it ever come to his eare
That I was the occasion of it, heele hang me that cleare.
Well heere comes Bryan, ile cloke with him if I may,
To haue the keeping of my maister in prison night and day.

Enter Bryan faire foy, two seruantes.

Bryan. Come sun take up this body, and carry it into the appointed place,
And there let it lye, for as yet he shall sleepe ten dayes space.

Shift. How say you maister Bryan, shall I of him haue the gards?

Bryan. By my troth policie, thy good will to reward

I hope of thy just service, content I agree

Cary him awaie.

To resigne the keeping of this fame Knight vnto thee.

But give me thy hand that thou wil deceiue me never:

Shift. Heres my hand, charme, iurament, make a spider catcher of me, if I
be false to you ever.

Bryan. Well

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Bryan. Well then come follow after me, and the gard of him thou shal
haue.

Exit.

Shift. A thousand thanks I give you, this is all the promotional cruce:
Ah sirrah, little knowes Bryan, that Clymondes my maister is,
But to set him free from prison I intend not to mis:
Yet still in my mind, I can do no other but muse,
What practise with my maisters apparell and shell he will vse:
Well, seeing I haue played the craftie knaue with the one, ile play it with
the other:
Subtil Shift for aduantage, will deceiue his owne brother.

Exit.

Here let them make a noyse as though they were Marriners.

And after Clyomon Knights of G. S.
come in with one.

Clyo. Ah set me to shone stirs, in what countrey so ever we bee.

Shiftmair. Well haile our the Cockboate, seeing so sickle we do him see,
Strike sayle, cast Ankers, till we haue rigd our Ship againe,
For neuer were we in such stormes before, thatt plaine.

Enter Clyomon, Boateswaine.

Clyo. Ah Boateswaine, gramerces for thy letting me to shone.

Boateswaine. Truly Gentleman we were neuer in the like tempestis before.

Clyo. What countrey is this wherein now we be?

Boates. Sure the Isle of strange Marshes, as our maister told to me.

Clyo. How far is it from Macedonia, canst thou declare?

Boates. More then twentie dayes sayling, and if the weather were faire.

Clyo. Ah cruell hap of Fortunes spire, which signed this luck to me:

What Pallace Boateswaine is this same, canst thou declare, we see?

Boates. Ther King Patranus keepeas his Court, so faire as I do gesse,
And by this traine of Ladyes heere, I sure can iudge no lesse.

Exit.

Clyo. Well Boateswaine, theres for thy paines, and here vpon the shone
Ile lie to rest my wearie bones, of thee I craue no more.

Enter Neronis daughter to Patranus, King of the strange Marster,
two Lords, two Ladies.

Neronis. My Lords, come will it please, you walk abroad to take the ple-
asant ayre?

D

According

The Historie of Clyomon

According to our wondred vse, in fields both fresh and faire,
My Ladies here I know right well, will not gainsay the same.

1. Lord. Nor we sure for to pleasure you, *Neronis* noble Dame.

Nero. Yes yes, men they loue intreacie much, before they will be wonne.

2. Lo. No Princes that hath women's natures beene, since first the world begunne.

Nero. So you say.

1. Lo. We boldly may,

Vnder correction of your grace.

Nero. Well, will it please you forth to trace,
That when we haue of fragrant fields, the dulcet fumes obtained;
We may vnto the Sea side go, whereas is to be gained,
More straunger sigthes among *Neptunes* waues, in seeing Ships to saile,
Which passe here by my fathers shore, with merrie westerne gaile.

1. Lo. We shall your highnesse leade the way to fields erst spoke before.
Nero. Do so, and as we do returme weele come hard by the shore.

Exeunt.

Cly. What greater griesse can grow to gripe, the heart of greeued wighte,
Then thus to see fell *Fortune* she, to hold his state in spighte.
Ah cruell chance, ah lucklesse lot, to me poore wretch assynd,
Was ever scene such contraries, by fraudulent Goddessle blind.
To any one sauе onely I, imparted for to be,
To animate the mind of any man, did euer *Fortune* she
Showe forth her selfe so ciuell bent, as thus to keepe me backe,
From pointed place by weather driven, my sorrowes more to sacke.
Ah faral shap, herein a'as, what furder shall I say?

Since I am forced for to breake, mine oath and pointed day.
Before King *Alexanders* gracie, *Clamydes* will be there:

And I through Fortunes cruell spight, opprest with sicknesse here:
For now within two dayes it is that we shold meeke togidher,
Woe worth the wind and raging stormes, alas that brought me hither.
Now will *Clamydes* me accuse, a fithlesse knight to be,
And eke report, that cowardlinesse did dant the heare of me.
The worthy praise that I haue wonne, through fume shall be defaced,
The name of the Knight of the Golden Sheeld, alas shall be defaced:
Before that noble Prince of might, whereas *Clamydes* he

Will

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Will shewe himselfe in Combat wife, for to exclaime on me,
For breaking of my poynted day, and *Clyomon* to thy gresse,
Now art thou in a countrey strange, cleane voyd of all releefe:
Opprest with sicknesse through the rage of storme blasts and cold,
Ah death come with thy direfull Mace, for longer to vnfold
My sorrowes here it bootteth not yet *Clyomon* do stay,
The Ladies loe, comes towards thee, that walke the other way.

Enter Neronis, two Lords, two Ladies.

Nero. Come faire dames, sith that we haue in fragrane fields obtained,
Of dulcet flowers the pleasant smell, and that these knyghts disdained
Not to beare vs company, our walke more large to make,
Here by the sea of surging waues, our home returme weele make.
My Lords therefore do keepe your way.

1. Lo. As it please your grace, we shall obey,
But behold Madame, what wofull wight, here in our way before,
As seemeth very sicke to me, doth lie vpon the shore.

Nero. My Lords, lets know the cause of griesse, whereof he is oppressed:
That if he be a knyght, it may by some meanes be redressed.
Faire sir well met, why lie you here? what is your cause of griesse?

Cly. O Lady, sicknesse by the Sea, hath me opprest in briesse.

Nero. Of truth my Lords, his countenance bewrayes him for to bee,
In health, of valiant heart and mind, and eke of hye degree.

2. Lo. It doth no lesse then so import, O Princes as you say.

Nero. Of whence are you? or what's your name? you wander forth this
way.

Cly. Off small value O Lady faire, alas my name it is,
And for not telling of the same, hath brought me vnto this.

Nero. Why, for what cause sir Knight, shuld you not expresse your name?

Cly. Because O Lady I haue vowed, contrary to the same.

But where I trauell Lady faire, in Citie, Towne or field,
I am called, and do beare by name, the knight of the Golden Shield.

Nero. Are you that knight of the Goldē sheeld, of whom such fame doth goe?

Cly. I am that selfesame knight faire dame, as here my Sheeld doth shew.

Nero. Ah worthy then of helpe indeed, my Lords assist I pray,
And to my lodging in the court, see that you him convey,

D 2

For

The Historie of Chaymon

For certainly within my minde, his state is much deplored,
But do dispaire in roughe sir knighe, for you shall be restored,
If Phisicke may your grecce redresse, for I Neronis lye,
Daughter to Parowm king, for that whiche same doth shew,
Vpon your acts, will be your friend, as after you shall proue.

I. Lo. In doing so, you shall have need of mightie loue aboue.

Chy. O Prince, if I ever be to heath restord againe,
Your faulst servant day and night, I vow here to remaine.

Nero. Well my Lords, come after me, do bring him I require:

Ambo. We shall. O Prince willingly accomplish your desire.

Exeunt.

Enter Bryan sance foy, having Clamydes his apparell on his Sheeld
and the Serpents head.

Bry. Ah sirrah, now is the ten dayes full expired, wherein Clamydes he,
Shall wake out of his charmed sleepe, as shortly you shall see:
But here I haue what I desired, his Sheeld, his coat and head,
To Denmarke will I straight prepare, and there present with speed,
The same to Indias grace, as in Clamydes name,
Whereby I am assur'd I shall enjoy that noble Dame.
For why Clamydes he is safe, for ever being firs,
And vnto knowledge is he left, here garded for to bee:
But no man knowes of my pretense, ne whither I am gone,
For secretly from Castle I haue stolne this night alone
In this order as you see, in the attire of a noble knight,
But yet poore Bryan, still thy heart holds courage in despight.
Well, yet the old proverbe to disproue, I purpose to begin,
Which alwayes sayd, that cowardly hearts, faire Ladies never win,
Shall I not Indias win, and who hath a cowardlyer hart,
Yea for a bragg and boastfull oule will none take my part,
For I can looke both grim and fierce, as though I were of might,
And yet three Frogs, out of a bush, my heart did so affright,
That I haue almost chengtith, well, co. wardly as I am,
Goodwill forrest, for now I will to kynge Clamydes name,
To Denmarke to present this head, to Indias bright,
Who shall conuictly dafted weare, in need of a worthy knighe.

Exe.

Enter

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Enter Shift with sword and target.

Shift. Be your leue I came vp so early this morning that I cannot
see my way,

I am sure its scarce yet in the breake of the day.
But you muse I am sure wherefore these weapons I bring,
Well, listen vnto my tale, and you shall know every thing.
Because I played the shifting knaue, to saue my selfe from harme,
And by my procurement, my maister was brought in this charme,
The ten dayes are exspir'd, and this morning he shal awake,
And now like a craftie knaue, to the prison my way will I take,
With these same weapons, as though I would fight to set him free,
Which will giue occasion that he shall mistrust, there was no deceit in mee.
And hauing the charge of him, here vnder Bryan sance foy,
I'll open the prison doores, and make as though I did implore
To do it by force, through good will, and onely for his sake,
Then shall Clamydes being at liberty, the weapons of me take,
And set vpon Bryan and all his men, now that they are a sleepe,
And so be reuenged, for that he did him keepe
By charme in this order, so shall they both deceipted be,
And yet vpon neither part mistrust towards me.
Well, neere to the prison ile draw, to see if he be awake,
Harke, harke, this same is he, that his lamentation doth make.

Clamydes. Ah fatall hap, where am I wretch, in what distressed eace,
in prison. Bereft of Tyre, head and sheeld, not knowing in what place:
My body is, ah beatenly gods, was ere such strangenes seen,
What do I dreame? or am I still within the forrest greene?
Dreame? no, no, alas I dreame not I, my senses all do faile,
The strangenes of this cruel hap, doth make my harte to quale.
Clamydes. Ah by fortune shew, what froward luck and fate
Most cruelly assynd is, vnto thy noble state,
Where should I be, or in what place hath destiny assynd
My selfe corps for want of foode and comfort to be pind.
Ah farewell hope of purchasing my lady, since is lost,
The Serpents head whereby I shoulde possesse that is well lost.
Ah farewell hope of honour eke, now shall I breake my day
Before king Alexanders grace, whereon my faith doth stay.

D 3

And

The Historie of Clyomion

And shall I be found a fayleſſe Knight, fy on ſell fortune ſte,
Whiſt bath her wheele of froward chance, thus whirled back on me.
Ah farewel King of Swanes land, ah farewel Denmarke dame,
Farewell thou Knight of the golden Sheeld, to thee ſhall reſt all fame.
To me this direfull deſtyny, to thee I know renoune,
To me the blaſt of ignomy, to thee dame honours crowne.
Ah haſtfull hap, what ſhall I ſay, I ſee the gods hath ſigned
Through crueltie my caſtfull corps, in priſon to be pined.
And nouȝt alas auautes me ſo, but that I know not where I am,
Nor how into this dolefull place my woſull body came.

Shift. Alas good Clamydes, in what an admiration is he,
Not knowing in what place his body ſhould be.

Clamy. Who nameth poore Clamydes there? reply to him againe,
Shift. Art ſhall please you I am your ſervant Knowledge, which in a
thouſand woes for you remaine.

Clamy. Ah Knowledge where am I declare and be briefe.

Shift. Where are you? faith even in the Caſtle of that falſe cheefe
Bryan ſanceſoy, againſt whom he to fight and ſet you free,
Looke out at the windowe, behold I haue brought tooles with mee.

Clamy. Ah Knowledge, then cowardly that catife did me charme,

Shift. Yea, or elſe he could neuer haue done you any harme,
But be of good cheere, for ſuch a shift I haue made,
That the keyes of the priſon I haue got, your ſelfe perſuade:
Wherewith this morning I am come to ſee you free,
And as they ly in their beds, you may muſter Bryan and his men, and ſet
all other at libertie.

Clamy. Ah Knowledge, thiſt hath me bound to be thy friend for ever:

Shift. A true ſervante you may ſee will deceiue his maiftre neuer.
So the doores are open, now come and follow after me. Enter one.

Clamy. Ah heauens, in what caſe my ſelfe do I ſee:
But ſpeakē Knowledge, canſt thou tell how long haue I bene heere?
Shift. These ten dayes full, and ſleeping ſtill, thiſt ſentencē is moſt cleere:
Clamy. Alas, then thiſt ſame is the day the which appointed was
By the Knight of the golden Sheeld to me, that combat ours ſhould paſſe
Before king Alexander's grace, and there I know he is,
Ah ciuell Fortune why ſhouldſt thou thus wreſt my chance amis:

Knowing

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Knowing I do but honour ſecke, and thou doeft me defame,
In that contrary mine expecſt, thou all things ſeekes to frame.
The faith and loyaltie of a knight thou cauſeft me to breake,
Ah haſtfull dame, why ſhouldſt thou thus thiſt fury on me wreake.
Now will king Alexander judge the thiſt in me to bee,
The which ſince firſt I armes could beare, no wight did ever ſee.
But knowledge giue from thee to me, thoſe weapons that I may
Vpon that Bryan be reveng'd, which cowardly did betray
Me of my things, and heere from thrall all other knights ſet free,
Whome he by charme did bring in bale, as erſt he did by mee.
Come, into his lodging will I go, and challenge him and his.

Exe.

Shift. Do ſo, and to follow I will not miſ.

Ah ſirra, here was a shift according to my nature and condition,
And a thouſand shifts more I haue, to put my ſelfe out of ſuſpition.
But it doth me good to thinke how that cowardly knaue Bryan ſanceſoy
Shall be taken in the ſnare, my hart doth even leape for ioy.
Harke, harke, my maiftre is amongſt them, but let him ſhift as he can,
For not to deale with a dog, he ſhall haue help of his man.

Exe.

Enter after a liſtle fight within, Clamydes threes Knights.

Clamy. Come, come ſir Knights, for ſo vnfotunate was never none as I,
That I ſhould ioy that is my ioy, the heauens themſelues deny,
That cowardly wretch that kept you here, and did me ſo deceiue,
Is fled away and hath the Sheeld, the which my Lady gaue
To me in token of her loue, the Serpents head like caſc,
For which thiſt aduenture was, to winne her noble grace.

I Knight. And ſure that ſame thiſt occation was, why we aduentred hether.

Clamy. Well, ſir I haue you deliuereſt, when as you pleafe together
Each one into his native ſoile his iourney do prepare,
For though that I haue broke my day as erſt I diſt declare,
Through thiſt most cowardly catifes charmes, in meeting of the Knight,
Which of the golden Sheeld beares name, to know elſe what he hight:
I will to Alexander's court, and if that thence he be,
Yet will I ſecke to finde him out, laſt he impute to me
Some cauſe of cowardliſſe to be, and therefore ſir Knights depart,
As to my ſelfe I wiſh to you with feruent zeale of hart:
Yet if that any one of you do miſte this Knight by way

What

The Historie of Chyomon

What was the cause of this my leet, let him perstand I pray.

Omnes. We shall not misle a noble Knight, to accomplish this your will.

Exeunt.

Clamy. Well then adue sir Knights each ouer the gods protect you still.
What knowledge cho, where an thou man ? come forth that hence we may.
Sbyt within. Where am I ? fault breaking open of chests here within,
for ile haue the spoole of all away.

Clamy. Tush, tush, I pray thee come that hence we may, no riches thou
shalt lacke.

Sbyt with a bag as I come now with as much money as I am able to carry
it were full of gold of my backe.

on his backe. A there was never poore ass so loden, but how now,
that cowardly Bryer haue you slaine ?

And your Sheeld, the Serpents head, and coate, haue you againe ?

Clamy. Ah no knowledge, the knyghtes that here were captiues kept,
they are by me aliberte,

But that false Bryer this same nigh, is fled away for certaintie.

And hath all things he tooke from me, conuayed where none doth know.

Sbyt. O the bones of me, how will you then do, for the Serpents head to

Inuentio showe ?

Clamy. I haue no other hope alas, but onely that her grace
Will credite gies vnto my words, when as I shew my case
How they were lost, but first ere I vnto that dame returme,
He seekes the knyght of the golden Sheeld; whereas he doth sojourne,
To accomplish what my father wold, and therfore come away. Exit.

Sbyt. Well, keep on before, for I mind not to stay.
A farr, the credite grace, the better lucke, thats plaine,
I haue such a deale of substance here, where Bryers men are slaine,
That is gallid. Ochel I had while for to stay,
I could haue a hundred carts full of kitching stuffe away.
Well, its not best to tary too long behinde, left my maister ouer-go,
And then some knaue knowing of tay money, a pecc of cosonage sho.

Exit.

Enter Neronis.

Neronis. How easie that tree but withered be
Thy wanteth sap to moist the roote ?

How

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

How can that Vine but waste and pine,

Whose plants are troden vnder foote?

How can that spray but soone decay,

That is with wild weeds ouergrownne?

How can that wight in ought delight

Which shoues, and hath no good will shounne?

Or else how can that heart alasse,

But die by whom each ioy doth passe?

Neronis, ah I am the Tree, which wanteth sap to moist the roote.

Neronis, ah I am the vine, whose Plants are troden vnder foote.

I am the spray which doth decay, and is with wild weeds ouergrownne,

I am the wight without delight, which shoues, and hath no good wil shounne.

Mine is the heart by whom alas, each pleasant ioy doth passe,

Mine is the heart which vades away, as doth the flower or grasse.

In wanting sap to moist the roote, is ioyes that made me glad,

And plants being troden vnder foote, is pleasures that was had.

I am the spray which doth decay, whom cares haue ouergrownne,

But stay Neronis, thou saist thou shouest, and hath no good will shounne:

Why so I do, how can I tell, Neronis force no craultie

Thou seest thy knyght endued is, with all good gifts of courtesie:

And doth Neronis loue indeed, to whom loue doth she yeeld,

Euen to that noble brute of fame, the knight of the golden Sheeld.

Ah wofull Dame, thou knowest not thou, of what degree he is,

Of noble bloud his gesters shoue, I am assured of this.

Why belike he is some runnagate that will not shew his name,

Ah why should I this allegate, he is of noble fame.

Why doft thou not expresse thy loue, to him Neronis then?

Because shamefastnesse and womanhode, bids vs not seeke to men.

Ah carefull Dame loe thus I stand, as twere one in a trance,

And lacketh boldnesse for to speake, which should my words aduance.

The knight of the Golden Sheeld it is, to whom a thrall I am,

Whom I to health restored haue, since that to court he cam.

And now he is prest to passe againe, vpon his wearie way,

Vnto the Court of Alexander, yet hath he broke his day,

As he to me the whole exprest, ah sight that doth me grecue,

Loe where he comes to passe away, of me to take his leaue.

E

Enter.

The Historie of Clyomon

Enter Clyomon.

Clyo. Who hath more cause to praise the Gods, then I whose state des-
plore?

Through phisicke and Neronis helpe, to health am now restored:
Whose feruent thrall I am become, yet urgent causes dooth
Constraine me for to keepe it close, and not to put in prooffe
What I might do to winne her loue, as first my oath and vow,
In keeping of my name vnowne, which she will not allow,
If I shuld seeme to breake my minde, being a Princes borne,
To yeeld her loue to one vknowne, I know sheele thinke it scorne:
Besides here longer in this Court, alas I may not stay,
Although that with Clamydes he, I haue not kept my day:
Least this he shold suppose in me, for cowardlinesse of hart,
To seeke him out elsewhere, I will from out this Land depart.
Yet though vnto Neronis she, I may not shew my mind,
A faithfull heart when I am gone, with her I leaue behind.
Whose bountioulnesse I here haue felt, but since I may not stay,
I will to take my leaue of her, before I passe away.
Loe where she walkes, O Princesse well met, why are you here so sad?

Nero. Good cause I haue, since pleasures passe, the w hich shuld make me glad.

Clyo. What you should meane, O Princesse deare, hereby I do not know.

Nero. Then listen to my talke a while, Sir Knight and I will shewe,

If case you will reanswere me, my question to obfotue,

The which propound within my mind, doth oftentimes revolue.

Clyo. I will O Prince answeare you as apely as I may.

Nero. Well then Sir Knight, apply your eares, and listen what I saye:

A ship that stormes had tossed long, amidst the mounting waues,

Where harbour none was to be had, fel Fortune so depraves:

Through ill successe that ship of hope, that Ancors hold doth faille,

Yet at the last shees driven to land, with broken Mast and saile:

And through the force of furious wind, and Billowes bounsing blowes,

She is a simple shipwracke made, in every point God knowes.

Now this same ship by chance being found, the finders take such paine,

That fit to saile vpon the Seas, they rig her vp againe.

And where she was through storms fore shakt, they make her whole & sound

Now answeare me directly here, vpon this my propound.

If

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

If this same ship thus rent and torne, being brought in former rate,
Should noe supply the finders true to profit his estate
In what she might.

Clyo. Herein a right,
I will O Princesse as I may, directly answeare you.
This ship thus found, / put the case it hath an owner now,
Which owner shall suffiently content the finders charge:
And haue againe to serue his vse, his ship, his boate or barge.
The ship then cannot serue the turne of findete, this is plaine,
If case the owner do content, or pay him for his paine:
But otherwise if none lay claime, nor seeme that ship to stay,
Then is it requisit it shold, the finders paines repay:
For such endeuour as it is to serue for his behoofe.

Nero. What owner truly that it hath, I haue no certaine prooffe.

Clyo. Then can I not define thereof, but thus I wish it were,
That you would me accept to be, that ship O Lady faire:
And you the finder, then it shold be needlesse for to mooue,
If I the ship, of dutie ought to serue at your behooue.

Nero. Thou art the ship O worthy Knight, so shivered found by mee.

Clyo. And owner haue I none deare dame, I yeeld me whole to thee:
For as this ship I must confesse, hat was a shipwrack made,
Thou hast restored me vnto health, whom sicknesse caud to vade,
For which I yeeld O Princesse deare, at pleasure thine to be,
By your grace, O noble Dame, will so accept of me.

Nero. If case I will, what haue you showne?

Clyo. Because I am to you vknowne.

Nero. Your fame importeth what you be.

Clyo. You may your pleasure say of me.

Nero. What I haue said due prooffe do shewe.

Clyo. Well Lady deare, to thee I owe

Mote seruice then of dutie I am able to professie,

For that thou didst preserue my life amidst my deepe distresse:

But at this time I may not stay, O Lady here with thee,

Thou knowest the cause, but this I vow within thre score dayes to bee,

If destinie restraine me not, at Court with thee againe,

Protesting whilst that life doth last, thine fauillfull to remaine.

E 2

Nero. And

The Historie of Clyomon

Nero. And where there ther no remedie, but needs you will departe.
Cly. No Prince for to accuse me, but here I leave my hart,
In gage with thee till my returne, which as I said shall be:
Nero. Well sith no perswasion may preuaile, this Iewell take of me,
And keepe it alwayes for my sake.
Cly. Of it a deare accounte ile make, yet let vs part deare Dame with ioy,
And to do the same I will my selfe employ.
Nero. Well now adieu till thy returne, the Gods thy journey guide. *Exit.*
Cly. And happily absencie name, for thee deare Dame prouide:
Ah Clyomon let dolouris shippe dauntes from out thy mind,
Since in the sight of Fortune now, such fauour shou dost find,
As for to haue the loue of her whom thou didst sooner judge,
Would haue denied thy loue, and gaule thy good will grudge,
But that I may here keepe my day, you sacred Gods prouide,
Most happie fare vnto my state; and thus my journey guide:
The which I tempest vnto hand Clamydes for to meete:
That the whole waies of my fift let, to haue I may repeate
So shall I seeme for to exalte my selfe in way of right,
And adi be colord of my foes, a false periuerted Knight. *Exit.*

Enter Thrasellus King of Norway, two Lords.
Thras. Where deepe deuise hath takentooke, my Lords alas you see,
How that periuersion doth not, if conuincie is he
Vnto the fift expected hope, where fancie hath take place,
And vaine it is for to withdraw by counsell in that case:
The mind who with affection is, so one onely thing affected,
The which may not till dñe of death, from them be sure rejected:
You know my Lords through fame, what force of loue hath taken place,
Within my breast as touching now Nerois noble grace,
Daughter to Patranus King, who doth the Scepter sways,
And in the Ile of Marshes eke, beare rule now at this day,
Through loue of daughter his, my sorowes daily grow,
And daily dolouris me daunt, for that alas I shew
Such Friendship wher no fayre none, is to be found againe,
And yet froome my carefull mind, noughemay her loue restraine,
I sent to craue her of taking, he answered me with day:
But shall I not prouide by force to fetch her thence awaies.

Yes

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Yes, yes, my Lords, and therefore let your aydes be prest with mine,
For I will sure Nerois haue, or else my dayes ile pine.

For King Patranus and his power, I hold of small account,
To winne his daughter to my spouse, amids his men ile moue.

I Lord. Most worthy Prince, this rash attempt, I hold not for the best,
For sure Patranus power is great, and not to be supprest.
For why, the ile enuirond is, with sea on every side,
And landing place lo is there none, whereas you may haue tide
To set your men from ship to shore, but by one onely way,
And in that place a garison great, he keepeth at this day.
So that if you should bring your power, your trauell were in vaine,
That is not certainly the way, Nerois for to gaine.

But this your grace may do indeed, and so I counte it best,
To be in all points with a Ship, most like a Merchant prest:
And saile with such as you think best, all drest in Merchanes guise,
And for to get her to your Ship, some secret meane devise,
By shewing of strange Merchandies, or other such like thing,
Lo this is best advise I can, Thrasellus Lord and King.

2 Lord. And certainly as you haue sayd, my Lord it is the way,
Wherfore o King, do prosecute the same without delay.

Thrasell. Ostruth my Lords this your advise doth for our purpose frame,
Come therefore let vs hence depart, to put in vre the same
With present speed, for Merchant-wise my selfe will thither saile:

1 Lord. This is the way if any be, of purpose to preuaile.

Exeunt.

Enter Clyomon with a Knight, signifying one of those that
Clamydes had delivred.

Clyomon. Sir Knight, of truthe this fortune was most luckely assynd,
That we should meeete in trauell thus, for thereby to my mind
You haue a castle of comfort brought, in that you haue me told,
Clamydes our appointed day, no more then I did hold.

Knight. No certis sir he kept not day, the cause I haue expressed,
Through that inchanter Bryans charmes, he came full sore distressed:
Yet fortune fauored so his state, that through his help all wee
Which captives were through cowardly craft, from bondage were set free:
And at our parting willed vs, if any with you met,

E 3

We

The Historie of Clyomon

We shold informe you with the truth what was his onely let.

Clyomon. Well, know you where he abideth now, sir Knight I cravé
of curtesie?

Knight. No questionlesse I know not I, to say it of a certaintie.

Clyomon. Well then adue sir Knight with thanks, I let you on your way:

Knight. Vnto the gods I you commit, noughe else I haue to say. *Exit.*

Clyomon. A serra, now the hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my mind
Is skaled from their nestling place, and pleasures passage find.

For that as well as *Clyomon*, *Clamydes* broke his day,
Vpon which newes my passage now in seeking him ile stay;
And to *Neronis* back againe, my ioyfull iourney make,
Lefft that she shold in absence mine, some cause of sorrow take.
And now all dumps of deadly dole, that danted knightly brest,
Adue, since falue of solace sweete, hath sorowes all supprest.
For that *Clamydes* cannot brag, nor me accuse in ought,
Vnto the gods of destenies, that thus our fates hath brought
In equall ballance to be wayed, due praises shall I send,
That thus to way each cause aright, their eyes to earth did bend.
Well, to keepe my day with Lady now, I mind not to be slack,
Wherefore vnto *Patranius* court, ile dresse my iourney back.
But stay, me thinks I *Rumor* haue throughout this land to ring,
I will attend his talke, to know what tidings he doth bring.

Enter Rumor running.

Ye rowling Clowdes give *Rumor* roome, both ayre and earth below,
By sea and land, that every eare may vnderstand and know,
What wofull hap is chaunced now within the ile of late,
Which of strange Marshes beareth name, ynto the noblest state.
Neronis daughter to the King, by the King of Norway he,
Within a ship of Marchandise, conuayed away is she.
The King with sorow for her sake, hath to death resignd,
And hauing left his Queene with child, to guide the realme behind.
Musantius brother to the King, from her the Crowne would take,
But till she be deliuered, the Lords did order make,
That they before King *Alexander*, thither comming should appeale,
And he by whom they hold the Crowne, therein should rightly deale
For either part, lo this to tell, *I Rumor* haue in charge,

And

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

And throughall lands I do pretend, to publish it at large.

Exit.

Clyomon. Ah wofull *Rumor* raunging thus, what tidings do I heare,
Hath that false King of Norway stolne my loue and Lady deare?
Ah hart, ah hand, ah head and mind, and every fence beside,
To serue your maisters turne in need, do euery one prouide.
For till that I reuenged be vpon that wretched king,
And haue againe my Lady deare, and her from Norway bring,
I vow this body takes no rest, ah fortune fickle dame,
That canst make glad and so soone sad, a Knight of worthie fame.
But what should I delay the time, now that my deare is gone?
Avalleth ought to ease my grieve, to make this pensive mon.
No, no, wherefore come courage to my hart, and happie hands prepare,
For of that wretched King I will wreake all my sorow and care.
And mauger all the might he may, be able for to make,
By force of armes my lady I, from him and his will take.

Exit.

Enter Clamydes and Shift, with his bag of money still.

Clamy. Come knowledge, thou art much to blame, thus for to lode thy self
To make thee on thy way diseased, with caryng of that pelfe.
But now take courage vnto thee, for to that ile I will,
Which of strange Marshes called is, for fame declareth still
The Knight of the golden Sheeld is there, and in the court abideth,
Thither will I him to meeete, whatsoeuer me betideth:
And know his name, as thou canst tell my father charged me,
Or else no more his princely court nor person for to see.
Come therefore, that vnto that ile we may our iourney take,
And afterwards hauing met with him, our viage for to make
To Denmarke to my Lady there, to shew her all my cace,
And then to *Swavia* if her I haue, vnto my fathers grace.

Shift. Nay but ant shall please you, are you sure the Knight of the golden
Sheeld in the ile of strange Marshes is?

Clamy. I was informed credibly, I warrant thee we shall not mis.

Exit.

Shift. Then keepe on your way, ile follow as fast as I can,
Faith he even meanes to make a martis of poore Shift his man.
And I am so tied to this bag of gold I goe at *Bryans* foyes,
That I tell you where this is, there all my ioy is:

Exit.

The Historie of Chonon.

But I am so weary, sometimes with ryding, sometimes with running,
And other times going a soore:
Tha: when I com to my lodgynge at night, go bring me a woman it is no.
And such care I take for this peple, least I shoulde it lose, (boose).
That where I come, that is is gold, for my life I dare not disclose.
Well after my maister I mad, heeres nothing stil but running and ryding;
But ile giue him the slip sone, if I once come where I may haue quiet bidding.

Exe.

Cover Nerois in the Ferref, in rousis apparell.

Ne. As Hau the Hound, as Lambe the Wolfe, as soule the Fawcons dine,
So do I flie from tyrant he, whose heart more hard then flint
Hath laken on me such hugie heapes of seakeles sorowes here,
That sure it is intollerable, the tormentis that I bearis.
Neronis, ah who knoweth thee, a Prince to be borne,
Sincse fatall Gods so frowardly, thy fortune doth adornez
Neronis, ah who knoweth her, in painfull Pages show?
But no good Lady wil me blame, which of my case doth know:
But rather when they heare the truch, wherefore I am disguised,
Thaile say it is an honest shife, he which I haue deuised:
Since I haue giuen my faith and trech to such a brute of fame,
As is the knyghte of the Golden Shield, and tyrants seekes to frame
Their engins to detract our vowes, as the king of Norway hath,
Who of all Princes living now, I finde destroyd of faith:
For like a wolfe in lambes skin clad, he comowth with his aide,
All Marchant like to fashers Court, and ginneth to perswade
That he had preciouswiels bought, which in his ship did lyce,
Wherof he wil me take my choyce, if case I would them buy:
Then I mistrusting no deceit, with handmaids one or two
With this deceitfull Marchant then vnto the ship did go.
No sooner were we vnder hatch, but vp they hoyst their saile,
And hauing them to serue their turne, a mery Westerne gale:
We were laish out from the haven, lo a dozen leagues and more,
When still I thought the Barke had bene, at anker by the shore:
But being brought by Norway here, not long in Court I was,
But that to get from thence away, I broughte this feate to passe:
For making semblance vnto him as though I did him loue,
May gane me libertie, or ought that seru'd for my behoue:

And

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

And hauing libertie, I wrought by such a secret slighe,
That in this tyre like to a page, I scapt away by night.
But ah I feare that by purfule, he wil me ouertake,
Well here entreth one, to whom some sute for seruice I wil make.

Enter Corin a Shepheard.

Cor. Gos bone, turp in that sheep there and you be good fellowes,
Iesu how cham beraide,

Chau: a cur here, an a were my yellow, cha must him conswade, (chil).
And yet an cha should kylle, looke you of the arse, cha must rwo my selfe, an
An cha should ent eat him with my cap in my hand, ha wad stand stil.
But tis a wold to zee what mery liues we shepheards lead,
Why where Gentlemen and we get once a thorne bush ouer our head,
We may sleep with our vaces against the zone, an were hogs
Bath our selues, stretch out our legs ant were a cennell of dogs:
And then at night when maides come to milkin, the games begin, (win).

But I may zay to you my nabor, Hogs maid bad a clap, wel let the laugh that
Chau: but one daughter, but shoulde not vor vorty peace she were zo sped,
Chau may zay to you, she lookes eucry night to go to bed:

But tis no matther, the whores be so whiskish when thare vnder a bush,
That thare never satisfied, til their bellies be flush. (lambe):

Wel cha must abroad about my flocks, least the fengeance wolves catch a
Vor by my cursen zoule, thale stacle an cha stand by, therre not a verd of the

Ne. Wel to scape the pursuite of the king, of this same shepheard. (dam),
Suspition wholly to auoyd, for seruice ile enquire, (here),

Wel met good father, for your vse, a servant do you lacke?

Cor. What you wil not flout an old man you courtnold Iacke?

Nero. No truly father I flout you not, what I aske I would haue.

Co. Gos bones they leest, serue a shepheard an be zo braue?

You courtnoll crackropes, wod be hangd, you do nothing now and then
But come vp and downe the country, thus to flout poore men.

Go too goodman boy, chau: no zerus vor no zuch flouting Iacks as you be

Nero. Father I thinke as I speake, vpon my faith and troth beleue me
I wil willingly serue you, if in case you wil take me.

Cor. Does not inocke?

Nero. No truly father.

Cor. Then come with me, by gos bones chil never foriske thee.

F

Whow

The Historie of Chyomon

Whow bones of my zoul, shoult be þ brauest shepherds boy in our town,
Thous go to church in this coate, beuore Madge a sondaþ in her gray gown.
Good lord how our church-wardens wil looke vpō thee, bones of god zeest,
There will be more looking at thee, then our sir Iohn the parish preest.
Why every body wil aske whose boy thart, an cha cā tel the this by the way,
Thou shalt haue al the varest wenches of our town in the veelds vor to play.
Theres nabolur Nycols daughter, a tolly snug whore with vat cheeke,
And nabolur Hodges maide, meddle not with her, she hath eaten set leekes.
But theres Frumpons wench in the freese seake, it will do thee good to see
What canuosing is at the milking time, betweene her and mee.
And those wenches will loue thee bonnombly in every place,
But do not vall in with them in any kind of case.

Nero. Tush, you shall not neede to feare me, I can be mery with measure
as well as they :

Coryn. Wel then come follow after me, and home chil leade thee the way.

Nero. Alas poore simple Shepheard, by this Princes may see,
That like man, like talke, in every degree.

Exeunt.

Enter Thrasellus King of Normay, and two Lords.

Thras. My Lords pursue her speedely, she cantot far be gone,
And lo himselfe to seeke her out, your King he will be one.
Ah fraudulent dame, how hath she glozd, from me to get away?
With sugred words how hath she fed, my senses night and day?
Professing loue with outward shewes, and inwardly her hart
To practise such a deepe deceit, whereby she might depart
From out my court so sodainly, when I did wholy iudge
She loued me most entirely, and not against me grudge.
She made such signes by outward shewes, I blame not wit and policie,
But here I may exclaime and say, fy, fy ey, n womens subtelite.
Well well my Lords, no time delay, pursue her with all speed,
And I this forest will seeke out my selfe, as is decreed,
With aide of such as are behind, and will come vnto mee:

Ambo. We shal not slake what here in charge to vs is giue by thee. Exeunt.

Thras. Ah subtil Neronis, how hast thou me vexed?
Through thy crafty dealings how am I perplexed?
Did euer any winne a dame, and lose her in such sort?
The maladies are matuellous, the which I do suppose

Through

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Through her deceit, but forth I will my company to meeete,
If euer she be caught againe, I will her so intreare,
That others all shall warning take, by such a subtil dame,
How that a Prince for to delude, such ingins they do frame.

Enter Clyomon Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Clyo. Nay Traytour stay, and take with thee that mortall blow or stroke
The which shall cause thy wretched corps this life for to reuoke.
It ioyeth me at the hart that I haue met thee in this place.

Thras. What varlet darest thou be so bold, with words in such a case,
For to vphraide thy Lord and King? what art thou soone declare?

Clyo. My Lord and King, I thee desie, and in despite I dare
Thee for to say thou art no Prince, for thou a Traytour art,
And what reward is due therefore, to thee I shall imparte.

Thras. Thou braggest all too boldly still, what hight thy name expresse?

Clyo. What hight my name thou shalt not know, ne will I it confesse:
But for that thou my Lady stolest from fathers courtaway,
Ile sure reuenge that trayterous fact vpon thy flesh this day.

Since I haue met so luckely with thee here all alone,
Although as I do vnderstand, from thee she now is gone,
Yet therefore do defend thy selfe, for here I thee aslaile,

Thras. Alas poore boy, thinkest thou against me to preuaile?

Here let them fight, the King fall downne dead.

Thras. Ah heauens, Thrasellus he is slaine, ye Gods his ghost receiu,

Clyo. Now hast thou iustice for thy fact, as thy desert doeth craue:
But ah alas poore Clyomon, though thou thy foe hast slaine,
Such greeuous wounds thou hast receiu'd; as doth increase thy paine.

Vnles I haue some speedy help, my life must needly wast,
And then as well as traytour false, my corps of death shall last.

Ah my Neronis where art thou? ah where art thou become?
For thy sweete sake thy Knight shall here receive his vitall doome.

Lo here all gorde in bloud thy faithfull Knight doth lye,
For thee, ah faithfull dame, thy Knight for lack of help shall dye.

For thee, ah here thy Clyomon, his mortall stroke hath tane,
For thee, ah these same hands of his, the Norway King hath slaine.

Ah bleeding wounds from ionger talke my foltring tong doth stay,
And if I haue not speedy help, my life doth wast away.

F 2

Exeunt

The Historie of Clyomon

Enter father Coryn the Shepheard, and his dog. (flocke &

Coryn. A plague on thee for a cur, A ha, drieren me sheepe aboue from the
A theefe, art not ashame? ile beate thee like a stocke:
And cha beene azeeking here, aboue vooure miles and more:
But chill tell you what, chau the brauest lad of Jack the courtmoll, that ever
was zeene beuore.

A, the whorcop is plagely well lou'd in our towne, (gowne,
An you had zeene go to Church beuore Madge my wife in her holy day
You would haue blest your zelues t'ave seene it, she wet eu'en cheke by ioule
With our head controms wife, brother to my nabor Nycholl,
You know ha dwels by maister Iustice, ouer the water on the other side
of the hill,
Cham zare you know it, betweene my nabor Fylchers varme hōuse, and
the wind-mill.

But an you did zee how Ione Jenkin, and Gilian Giffrey loues my boy Jacke,
Why it is maruelation to see, Ione did so bast Gillians backe,
That by Gos bones I laught till cha be pist my zelfe, when cha zaw it,
All the maides in towne valls out for my boy, but and the yongmen know it
Thale be zo ielisom ouer them, that cham in doubt
Ich shall not keepe Jack my boy till seuen yeares go about.
Well, cham neere the neere vor my shepe, chau foughit it this vooure mile,
But chill home, and send Jack foorth to zecke it another while.
But bones of God man stay, Iesu whather wilt? wha what meant lycheere?

Clyomon. Ah good fater: help me.

Coryn. Nay who there, by your leauie, chill not come neere.

What another? bones of me, he is either kild or dead?
Nay varewell vorty pence, yeare a knaue, gos death a doth b'eede.

Clyomon. I bleede indeede fater, so grieuous my wounds bee,
That if I haue not speedie helpe, long life is not in mee.

Coryn. Why what art thou? or how charst thou camst in this case?

Clyomon. Ah fater, that dead corps which thou seest there in place,
He was a Knight, and mine enemy, whom he here I haue slaine,
And I a Gentleman, whom he hath wounded with maruellous paine.
Now thou knowest the truth, good fater shew some curtesie
To stop my bleeding wounds, that I may finde some remedie,
My life to preserue, if possible I may.

Coryn.

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Coryn. Well heare you gentil-man, chould haue you know this by the way,
Cham but vather Coryn the sheepe sheard, cham no surringer I,
But chill d^r, what cha can vor you; cha were loth to see you die,
Lochow zay you by this, haue cha done you any easse?

Cly. Father thy willingnesse of a certaintie, doth me much please:
But good fater lend me thy helping hand once againe,
To burie this same Knight whom here I haue slaine,
Although he was to me a most deadly enemie,
Yet to leaue his body vnburied, were great cmeleie.

Coryn. Bones of God man, our Priest dwells too farre away.

Cly. Well, then for want of a Priest, the Priests part I will play:
Therefore fater, helpe me to lay his body aright:
For I will bestow a herfe of him, because he was a Knight:
If thdu wile go to a Cottage hereby, and fetch such things as I lacke.

Coryn. That chill Gentleman, and by and by returne backe.

Exe.

Cly. But Clyomon plack vp thy heart, with courage once againe,
And I will set ouer his dead Coatfe in signe of victorie,
My Golden Sheeld and Sword, but wil the boynt hanginge downe,
As one conquer'd and lost his renowme.
Writing likewise therupon, that all passingers may see,
That the false King of Normay, liere lieth slaine by me.

Enter Coryn with a Herfe.

Co. Lo Gentleman, cha broughte such thinges, as are requisit for the zame!

Cly. Then good fater helpe me, the Heire for to frame.

Chat chal Gentleman, in the best order that cha may:

O that our Parish Priest were here, that you micht haue him say,
Vor by gos bones, an there be any noyse in the Churche, in the midste of his
prayers heele sweare.

A he loues hunting a life, would to God you were acquainted with him a
while,

And as vor a woman, well chill zay nothing, but cha knowe whom hee did
beguile.

Cly. Well fater Coryn let that passe, wee haue nothing to do withall.
And now that this is done, come reward thy paine I shall.
There is part of a recompence, thy good will to requite.

F 3

Coryn. By

The Historie of Clyomon

Coryn. By my troth cha thank you, chā bound to pray vor you day and
And now chāe home, & send Jack my boy this sheep to seek out: (night.)
Clyo. Tell me father ere thou goest, didst thou not see a Lady wandring
(here about?)
Cor. A Lady, no good yāth gentleman, chā zāw none, chā tel you plane:
Clyo. Wel then farewell father, grāmercies for thy paine.
Ah Neronis where thou art, or where thou doest abide,
Thy Clyomon to seeke thicē out, shall rest no time nor tide:
Thy foe here lieth slaine on ground, and living is thy frenē,
Whose travell til he see thy face, shall never haue an end.
My Ensigne here I leauē behind, these versēs wāt shall ye cold
A true report of traytor slaine, by the knight of the golden sheeld.
And as vñknownē to any wight, so trauell I betake,
Vntil I may her find, whose light my hart may ioyfull make. *Exit.*
Enter Shife very braue.

Shift. Iesu what a gazing do you make at me, to see me in a gowne?
Do you not know after travell, men being in Court or in Towne,
And specially such as is of any reputation, they must vse this guise,
Which signifieth a knole to besige, graue, and of counsell wise.
But where are we thynke you now, that Shift is so braue?
Not runnynge to seeke the knight of the golden sheeld, an other office I haue:
For comming here to the court, of strange Marshes so named,
Where King Alexander in his owne person lies, that Prince mightily famed
Betwēne Mustanis brother, to the late king deceased
And the Queene, through King Alexander, a strife was appeased:
But how or which way I thinke you do not know,
Well then give eare to my tale, and the truth I wil shew:
The old King being dead, through sorrow for Neronis,
Whom we do heare, Louer to the Knight of the Golden Sheeld is.
The Queene being with child, the scepter asked to sway,
But Mustanis the Kings brother, he did it denay.
Whereof great contention grew, amongst the Nobles on either side,
But being by them agreed the iudgement to abide
Of King Alexander the great, who then was comming hither,
At his arrivall to the Court, they all were cald togither.
The master being heard, this sentence was giuen,

That

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

That either partie should haue a Champion to combat them betweene:
That which Champion were overcome, the other should sway,
And to be sougten after that time, the sixteene day.
Now my maister Clamydes comming hither, for Mustanis wil he bee,
But vpon the Queenes side, to venter none can we see:
And yet she maketh proclamation through every land:
To giue great giftis to any that will take the combat in hand.
Well within ten daies is the time, and king Alexander bee
Stateth till the day appointed, the triall to see:
And if none came at the day for the Queenis to fight,
Then without travell to my maister, Mustanis hath his right.
But to see all things in a readines, against thappointed day:
Like a shifing knaue for aduantage, to Court he take my way.

Exit.

Enter Neronis like a Sheepheards boy.

Nero. The painfull pathes, the wearie wayes, the travells and ill fare,
That simple feete, to Prince seeme, in practise verie rare,
As I poore Dame, whose pensiuē heart, no pleasure can delight,
Since that my state so cruelly, sell Fortune holds in spighe.
Ah poore Neronis in thy hand, is this a seemely shewe,
Who shouldst in Court thy Lute supple, where pleasures erst did flowe?
Is this an instrument for thee to guide a sheepheards flocke?
That art a Princes by thy birth, and borne of noble stocke.
May mind from mourning more restraine, to thinke on former state?
May heart from sighing eke abstaint, to see this simpler rate?
May eyes from dowe distilling teares, when thus a loue I am,
Resistance make, but must they not, through ceaselesse sorrowes frame:
A Riuier of bedewēd dropys, for to distill my faces?
Ah heauens when you are revengd enough, then looke vpon my case:
For till I haere some newes alas vpon my louing Knight,
I dare not leaue this loathsome life, for feare of greater spighe:
And now as did my maister will, as shewe that is astray
I must go seeke her out againe, by wild and wearie way.

AA

The Hystorie of Clyomon.

Ah wofull fighes, wher is alas with chese myne eyen beheld,
That to my loving Knight belangd, / vixyn the Golden Sheeld:
Ah heauens, this Herse doth signifie my Knight is slaine,
Ah deaching longer the delay, bute rid the lynes of twaine:
Heart, hand, and euerie sense prepare, vnto the Hearse, drawnme:
And thereupon submire your selues, disclaine not for to die.
With him that was your mistresse joy, her life and death like case,
And well I know am seekingone, he did his end embrasse.
That cruel wretch that Normans King, this cursed deed hath dunnes
But now to cut that lingong thred, that Iachis long hath spunne,
The sword of this my loving knighte, behold / here do take,
Of this my wofull corporalas, a final end to make:
Yet ere I strike that deadly strok, that shall my life deprave,
Yemys ayd me to the Gods, for mercie fist to crave.

Sing heere.

Well now you heauens recue my ghost, my corps I leue behynd,
To be incloſd with his in earth, by those that shall it find.

Despard's Promisance,

Prou. Stay, stay thy stroke, chou ywofull Dame, what wilt thou thus pairre
Behold to let this wilfull fact, I Prouidence prepaire
To thee, from seate of myghtie loue, looke her upon againe,
Reade, that if case thou canst be made, and soe if he be slaine
Whom thou doest loue.

Nero. Ah heauens aboue, for me I nechtly bane
All land and praiers and thone air due, to you / here do render,
That would vouchsafe your hatteward here, in wofull state to tender
But by these same Verdes do I find, my faichfull knight doth liue,
Whose hand vnto my deadly foe, the mortall stroke did give:
Whose cursed carcasse loe it is, which here on ground dighth lie.

Ah honour due for this / yeeld, to myghtie loue on hinc.

Prou. Well, let desperation die in thee, I may hope here remaine,
But be assured, that thou shal ere long thy knight attaine.

Nero. And for their prouidence divine, the Gods aboue ile praise
And shew their works so wonderfull, vnto their laud alwaies.

Well

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Well, sith that the gods by prouidence hath signed vnto mee
Such comfort sweete in my distresse, my Knight againe to see,
Farewell all feeding Shepherds flockes, vnseemly for my state,
To seeke my loue I will set forth, in hope of friendly fate.
But first to Shepherds house I will, my pages tyre to take,
And afterwards depart from thence, my journey for to make.

Exe.

Enter Sir Clyomon.

Cho. Long haue I sought but all in vain, for neither far nor neare
Of my Neronis wofull dame, by no meanes can I heare,
Did euer fortune violate two louers in such sorte?
The grieves ah are intollerable, the which I do support
For want of her, but hope somewhat revives my penisue hart,
And doth to me some sodaine cause of comfort now impart
Through newes I heare, as I abroad in weary trauell went,
How that the Queene her mother hath her proclamations sent
Through every land, to get a Knight to combat on her side,
Against Mustaninius, Duke and Lord, to haue a matter tride:
And now the day is very nigh, as I do vnderstand,
In hope to meete my Lady there I will into that land:
And for her mother vndertake the combat for to trye,
Yea though the other Hector were, I would him not denye
What souer he be, but ere I go, a golden Sheeld ile haue,
Although vñknowne, I will come in, as doth my Knighthood crave:
But couered will I keepe my Sheeld, because ile not be knowne,
If case my Lady be in place, till I haue prowesse showne.
Well, to haue my Sheeld in readinesse, I will no time delay,
And then to combat for the Queene, I straight will take my way.

Exe.

Enter Neronis like the Page.

Nero. Ah weary paces that I walke, with steps vNSTEDDY still,
Of all the gripes of gristlie grieves, Neronis hath her fill.
And yet amids these miseries, which were my first mishaps,
By brute I heare such newes alas, as more and more inwraps
My wretched corps with thousand woes, more then I may support,
So that I am to be compard vnto the scaled fort,
Which doth so long as men and myght, and iustice preuaile,

G

Give

The Historie of Clyomon

Give to the enemies repulse, that commeth to assailes,
But when assistance gins to faile, and strength of foes increase,
They forced are through battering blowes, the same for to release.
So likewise I so long as hope, my comfort did remaine,
The grieify greefes that me attaird, I did repulse againe:
But now that hope begins to faile, and greefes anew do rise,
I must of force yeeld vp the Forte, I can no way devise
To keepe the same, the Forte I meane, it is the wearie corse,
Which sorrowes daily do assaile, and siege without remorse:
And now to make my greefes the more, report alas hath told,
How that my fathers aged bones, is shirned vp in mold,
Since Norway king did me betray, and that my mother shee,
Through Duke Mustantius, vncle mine, in great distresse to bee:
For swaying of the Septer there, what should I herein say?
Now that I cannot find my knight, I would at combat day
Be gladly there, if case I could with some good maister meeete,
That as his Page in these affaires, would seeme me to intreate:
And in good time, here commeth one, he seemes a knight to be,
He proffers seruice, if in case, he will accept of me.

Enter Clyomon with his Sheeld couered, strangely disguised.

Clyo. Well, now as one vnknowne, I will go combat for the Queene:
Who can bewray me, since my Sheeld is not for to be seene?
But stay, who do I here espie? of truth a proper Boy,
If case he do a maister lacke, he shall sustaine no noy:
For why in these affaires, he may stand me in passing steed.

Nero. Well, I see to passe vpon my way, this Gentleman's decreed,
To him I will submit my selfe, in seruice for to be,
If case he can his fancie frame, to like so well on me.
Well met sir knight vpon your way.

Clyo. My Boy grimerces, but to me say,
Into what countrey is thy journey dight?

Nero. Towards the strange Marshes, of truch Sir Knight.

Clyo. And thither am I going, high loue be my guide.

Nero. Would Gods I were worthy to be your Page by your side.

Clyo. My Page my boy, why what is thy name? that let me heare.

Nero. Sir Knight, by name I am called Curr Daceer.

Clyo. Curr

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Clyo. Curr Daceer, what heart of Steele, now certis my boy:
I am a Gentleman, and do entertaine thee wth ioy:
And to the strange Marshes am I going, the Queene to defend,
Come therefore, for without more saying, with me thou shalt wend.

Exit.

Nero. As diligent to do my dutie as any in this land:
Ah Fortune, how fauourable my friend doth she stand:
For thus no man knowing mine estate nor degree,
May I passe safely, a Page as you see.

Exit.

Enter Bryan sance foy with the Head.

Bry. Euen as the Owle that hides her head, in hollow tree till night,
And dares not while sir Phæbus shines, attempt abroad in flight:
So likewise I as Puzzard bold, while chearefull day is seene,
Am forst with Owle to hide my selfe, amongst the Iuie greene:
And dares not with the scelie Snaile, from cabbin shew my head,
Till Vesper I behold aloft, in skies begin to spread:
And then as Owle that flies abroad when other fowles do rest,
I creepe out of my drowsie denne, when summous hath supprest
The head of euerie valiant heart, loe thus I shrowd the day,
And trauell as the Owle by night vpon my wished way:
The which hath made more tedious my iourney, by halfe part,
But blame not Bryan, blame alas, his cowardly catifess hart:
Which dares not shewe it selfe by day, for feare of worthy wights,
For none can trauell openly, to escape the venturous Knights,
Vnlesse he haue a noble mind, and eke a valiant hart,
The which I will not brag vpon, I assure you for my part:
For if the courage were in me, the which in other is,
Idoubtles had inioyed the wight whom I do loue ere this.
Well, I haue not long to trauell now, to Denmarke I draw neare,
Bearing knight Clamydes name, yet Bryansance foy am I.
But though I do vsurpe his name, his sheeld or ensigne here,
Yet can I not vsurpe his heart, still Bryans heart I beare:
Well, I force not that, he is safe inough, and Bryan as I am,
I will vnto the Court, whereas I shall enioy that dame.

Exit.

Enter.

G 2

The Historie of Chyomon

Enter Shift like a Wiffler.

Shift. Rowme there for a reckning, see I beseech you if thale stand out of Jesu, Jesu, why do you not know that this is the day (the way,) That the combat must passe for Mustanis and the Queene? But to fight vpon her side as yet no Champion is seene. And Duke Mustanis he smilis in his sleeve, because he doth see That neither for loys nor rewards, any one her Champion will be. Ant were not but that my maister the other Champion is, To fight for the Queene my selfe, I surely would not mis. Alas good Lady, she and her child is like to lose all the land, Because none will come in, in her defence for to stand. For where she was in election, if any Champion had come To rule till she was deliuered, and haue the Princes roome: Now shall Duke Mustanis be sure the Scepter to sway, If that none do come in to fight in her cause this day. And King Alexander all this while hath he stayed the triall to see, Well here they come, roome there for the King, heres such thrusting of women as it grieueth mee.

Enter King Alexander, the Queene, Mustanis, two Lords, and Clamydes like a Champion.

Mustan. O Alexander lo behold, before thy royll grace My Champion here at peinted day I do presente in place.

Alexand. Well sir Duke in your defence is he content to be?

Clamy. Yeaworthy Prince, not fearing who incounter shall with me: Although he were wch Hercules of equal power and myght, Yet in the cause of this same Duke, / challenge him the fight.

Alexa. I like your courage well sir Knight: what shall we call your name?

Clamy. Clamydes, sonnes to the Switzer King. O Prince so highte the same.

Alexa. Now certaintly I am righte glad Clamydes for to see,

Such valiant couraige to remaine within the mind of thee.

Well Lady, according to the order tane herein, what do you say,

Hauie you your Champion in like case, now ready at the day?

Queene. No sure o King my Champion I haue for to ayde my cause,

Vnlesse twill please your noble grace on further day to paues,

For I haue sent throughout this Ile, and every forraigne land,

Buenonias yet hath proffered, to take the same in hand.

Alex. No,

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Alex. No, I am more sorie certainly, your chance to see so ill, But day deferred cannot be, vnlesse Mustanis will, For that his Champion readie here, in place he doth present, And who so missed at this day, should loose by full consene Of either part, the tytle right, and sway of regall Mace, To this was your consentment giuen, as well as his in place, And therefore without his assent, we cannot referre the day?

Shift. Ant shall please your grace, herein tric Mustanis what he will say.

Alex. How say you Mustanis, are you content the day to deferre?

Mustan. Your Grace will not will me I trust, for then from law you erre; And hauing not her Champion here, according to decree, There resteth nought for her to loose, the Crowne belongs to mee.

Shift. Nay ant shall please your grace, rather then she shall it lose, I my selfe will be her Champion for halfe a dozen blowes.

Mustan. Wilt thou? then by full congo to the Challenger there stands.

Shift. Nay soft, of sufferance commeth easse, though I cannot rule my tongue, ile rule my hands.

Mustan. Well noble Alexander, sith that she wants her Champion as you see,

By greement of your royll grace, the Crowne belongs to mee.

Alex. Nay Mustanis, she shall haue law, wherefore to sound begin, To see if that in three hours space no Champion will come in.

Sound here once.

Of truthe Madam I sorie am, none will thy cause maintaine, Well, according to the law of Armes, yet Trumpet sound againe.

Sound second time.

What, and is there none will take in hand, to Combat for the Queene?

Shift. Faith I thinke it must be I must do the deed, for none yet is seene.

Queene. O King let pittie pleade for me, here in your gracious sight, And for so slender cause as this deprive me not of right:

Consider once I had to spowse a Prince of worthy fame,

Though now blind Fortune spurne at me, her spighe I needs must blame,

And though I am bereft O King, both of my child and mate,

Your Grace some greement may procure, consider of my state,

And suffer not a Widow Queene with wrong oppressed so,

But pitie the young Infants case, wherewith O King I go:

G 3

And

The Historie of Clyomon

And thought I suffer wrong, let that find fauour in your sight.

King. Why Lady I respect you both, and sure wold if I might
Entreat *Mustanis* there unto, some such good order frame,
Your strife should cease, and yet each one well pleased with the same.

Queene. I know your grace may him perswade, as reason wils no lesse.

King. Well Sir *Mustanis*, then your mind to me in breefe exprefse,
Will you vnto such order stand here limited by me,
Without deferring longer time, say on if you agree?

Mustanis. In hope your grace my state will way, / give my glad consent.

King. And for to end alldiscord say, Madame, are you content?

Queene. Yea noble King.

King. Well then before my nobles all, give eare vnto the King,
For swaying of the sword and Mace all discord to beate downe,

The child when it is borne, we elect to weare the Crowne.

And till that time *Mustanis*, you of lands and living heere,
Like equall part in euertie point, with this the Queene shall share:

But to the child when it is borne, if Gods grant it to liue,

The kingdome whole in every part, as tytle we do giue.

But yet *Mustanis*, we will yeeld this recompence to you,

You shall receiuue ffeue thousand Crownes for yarely pension due,

To maintaine your estate, while you here liue and do remaine,

And after let the whole belong vnto the Crowne againe.

Now say your minds if you agree?

Page. I would she like choise were put to me.

Must. I for my part O Noble King therewith am well content:

Well better halfe then nought at all, I likewise giue consent.

Enter Clyomon, as to Combat.

Clyo. Renowned King and most of fame, before thy royll grace,

The Queene to aid, I do present my person here in place.

Mustanis. You come too late in faith Sir knight, the houre and time is past.

Clyo. Your houre I am not to respect, I entered with the blast.

Clamy. What Princox is it you, are come to combat for the Queene?

Good Fortune now, I hope ere long your courage shall be seene.

Clyo. And sure I count my hap as good, to meeete with you Sir knight,
Come according to your promise made, prepare your selfe to fight.

Clamy. I

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Clamy. I knew you well inough sir, although your sheeld were hid from
me.

Clyo. Now you shall feele me as well as know me, if hand and hart agree.

King. Stay, stay Sir knights, I charge you not in combat to proceed,

For why the quarell ended is, and the parties are agreed:

And therefore we discharge you both, the combat to refraine:

Page. The heauens therefore O noble King, thy happie sheeld remaine.

Clamy. O King although we be dischargd for this contention now,

Bewixt vs twaine there resteth yet a combat made by vow:

Which shoulde be fought before your Grace: and since we here be met,

To iudge twixt vs for victorie, let me your Grace entreat.

King. For what occasion is your strifes sir knights, first let me know?

Clamy. The truthe thereof renowned king thy seruant he shall show:

What time O king, as I should take of *Suania* king my sier,

The noble orders of a Knight, which long I did desier:

This knight a straunger comes to courte, and at that present day,

In cowardly wise he comes by stealth, and takes from me away.

The honour that I shoulde haue had, for which my father he,

Did of his blessing giue in charge, O noble king to me,

That I shoulde know his name, that thus bereaued me of my righs:

The which he will not shew, vnles he be subdued in fight:

Whereto we either plighted faith, that I shoulde know his name,

If that before thy Grace O King, my force in fight could frame,

To vanquish him, now hauing met thus happily togither,

Though they are greed, our combat rest, decreed ere we came hither.

Are you that knight that did subdue Sir *Samuel* in field,

For which you had in recompence of vs, that Golden Sheeld?

Clyo. I am that knight renowned Prince, whose name is yet vnowne,

And since I foylid Sir *Samuel*, some prowess I haue showne.

Queene. Then as I gesse, you are that Knight by that same sheeld you bear,

Which sometime was restored to health within our Pallace here:

By *Neronis* our daughter she betrayed by Norway king.

Clyo. I am that knight indeed O Queene, whom she to health did bring.

Whose seruant euer I am bound wheresoeuer that she be,

Whose enemie O Queene is slaine pursuing her, by me.

Queene. Know:

The Historie of Chyomon

Queene. Know you not where she abides, Sir knight to vs declare?
Chyo. No certis would to Gods I did, she shold not live in care,
But escaped from the Norway king, I am assur'd she is.
Queene. Well her absence was her fathers death, which turnd to bale my. (blis.

Chyo. And till I find her out againe, my toile no end shall have

Queene. Alas he is nigh enough to her, small toile the space doth craue.

King. Well Sir knight, since that you haue declar'd before me here,

The caule of this the grudge which you to each other bear:

I wish you both a while to pawse, and to my words attend,
If Reason rest with you, be sure Knights, this quarell I will end,
Without the shedding any bloud betwixt you here in sight:

Clamydes, wey you are nobly borne, and will you then sir Knight,
Go hazard life so desperately? I charge you both restraine,
Since for so smal a cause, the stnfe doth grow betwixt you twaine:
And let him know your name sir knight, and so your malice end:

Chyo. I haue vowed to the contrary, which vowe I must defend. (knownes)

King. Well though so it be that you haue vowed, your name shall not be
Yet not detracting this your vow, your countrey may be showne,
And of what stocke by birth you bee:

Sbys. But Lady he is dashed now I see.

Chyo. Indeed this hath astond me much, I cannot but confesse,
My countrey and my birth, my state, which plainly wil expresse
My name, for that vnto them all my state is not knowne,

King. Sir knight, of our demand from you againe, what awnswere shall be

Chyo. Of Denmarke noble Prince I am, and son vnto the king: (shownes)

King. Why then sir Chyomon hight your name, as rare report doth ring?

Chyo. It doth indeed so hight my name, O Prince of high renowne,
I am the Prince of Denmarkes sonne, and heire vnto the Crowne.

Clamydes. And are you son to Denmarke king? then do imbrace your friend,

Within whose heart here towards you, all malice makes an end:

Who with your sister linked is, in loue with loyall hart:

Chyo. And for her sake, and for thine owne, like friendship I impart.

King. Well Sir knight, since friendship rest, where rancor did remaine,

And that you are such friends become, I certaine am right faine,

In hope you wil continue stil, you shall to Court repaire,

And remaine if that you please awhile, to rest you there

Till

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Till time you haue decreed which way your iourney you will frame?

Bob. We yeld you thanks, beseeching loue still to augment your fame.
Exe. Exe.

Clamydes. Well, come my Chyomon let vs passe, and as we tourne by way,
My most misfortunes vnto thee I wholly will bewray
What hapned in my last affaires, and for thy sisters sake.

Chyomon. Well then Cesur d'acer come and waite, your iourney you shall
And seeing thou art prepared, and haft all things in readinesse, (take,
Haft thee before to Denmarke with speedinesse,
And tell the King and the Queene that Chyomon their sonne
In health and happy state to their court doth retorne,
But in no wise to Iuliana say any thing of mee.

Cardsar. I will not shew one word amisse contrary your decree.

Clamydes. Well then my Chyomon, to take our leaue to court he vs repare:

Chyomon. As your friend and companyon Clamydes every where. Exe.

Neronis. Oh heauens! is this my losing knight whom I haue serad so long?

Now haue I tride his faithfull hart, oh so my ioyes doth throng,

To thinke how fortune fauorth me, Neronis now be glad,

And praise the gods, thy iourney now, such good successe hath had,

To Denmarke will I haft with ioy my message to declare,

And tell the King how that his sonne doth homeward now repare.

And more to make my ioyes abound, fortune could never frame

A finer meane to serue my turne, then this, fot by the same

I may vnto the Queene declare my state in secret wise,

As by the way I will recount how best I can devise.

Now pack Neronis like a page, haft hence left thou be spide,

And tell thy maisters message there, the gods my iourney guide. Exe.

Enter King of Denmarke, the Queene, Iuliana, two Lords.

King. Come Lady Queene, and daughter eke, my Iuliana deare,
We muse that of your Knight as yet no newes againe you haere,
Which did aduenture for your loue the Serpent to subdue.

Iulia. O father, the sending of that worthy knight my woful hart doth rue,
For that alas the furious force of his outragious might,

As I haue heard subdued hath full many a worthy knight.

And this last nigh O father past, my mind was troubled sore,

Me thought in dreame I saw a Knight not knowne to me before,

H

Which

The Historie of Clymon

Which did present to me the head of that same monster slaine,
But my Clamydes still in voyce me thought I heard complainie,
As one bereft of all his ioy, now what this dreame doth signifie,
My simple skull will not suffice the truth thereof to specifie.

But sore I feare to contrarie, the expect thereof will hap.

Which will in huge calamities my wofull corps bewrap:
For sending of so worthy a Prince, as was Clamydes he,

To stop his dire destruction there, for wretched loue of me.

Queene. Tush daughter thee but fancies be, which run within your mind:

King. Let them for to supprese your ioyes, no place of harbour find.

Lord. O Princes let no doltors dant, behold your Knight in place:

Inlia. Ah happie sight, do I behold my knight Clamydes face?

Enter Bryan Sance foy with the head on his sword.

Bryan. Wel, I haue at last through trauell long, attchiued my iourneys end,

Though Bryan, yet Clamydes name, I stoully must defend.

Ah happie sight, the King and Queene with daughter in hik; case.

I do behold, to them I will present my selfe in place:

The mightie Gods renowned King, by princely state maintaine:

King. Sir Clamydes, most welcome sure you are to court againe.

Bryan. O Princes lo my promise here performed thou maist see,

The Serpent's head by me subdude I do presene to thee,

Before thy fathers soyall grace.

Inlia. My Clamydes do embrace:

Thy Indiana, whose hart thou haft till vitall race be runner:

Sith for her sake so venturously this deed by thee was done..

Ah welcome home my faishfull Knight:

Bryan. Gramerces noble Lady bright.

King. Well Indiana in our court your lower cause to stay,

For all our Nobles we will send, against your nuptiall day..

Go carry him to take his rest:

Inlia. I shall obey your graces heft:

Come my Clamydes go with me, in court your rest to take:

Bryan. I thanke you Lady, now I see accompt of me you make.

Exeunt.

King. Well my Queene, sith daughter ours hath chosen such a make,
The terror of whose valiant hart may cause our foes to quake,

Come

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Come let vs presently depart, and as we did decrees,
For all our nobles will we send, their nuptialls for to see.

Queene. As pleaseth thee, thy Lady Queene O king is well agreed.

Lo. May it please your graces to arrest, for loc with postling speed
A messenger doth enter place:

King. Then will we stay to know the case.

Enter Neronis.

Nero. The mightie powers renowned Prince preserue your state for ay,

King. Messenger thou art welcome, what hast thou to say?

Nero. Sir Clymon your noble sonne, knight of the golden Sheeld,

Who for his valiant victories in Towne and eke in field

Is famed through the world, to your court doth now returne,

And hath sent me before to Court, your grace for to enforme.

King. Ah messenger declare, is this of truth the which that thou hast told?

Nero. It is most true O Noble king, you may thereof be bold.

King. Ah ioy of ioyes surpassing all, what ioy is this to me?

My Clymon in Court to haue, the nuptiall for to see,

Of Indiana sister his, oh so I ioy in mind.

Queene. My boy where is thy maister speake, what is he far behind?
Declare with speed, for these my eyes do long his face to view:

King. Oh Queene this day he will be here, tis truth I tell to you.

But noble Queene let pardon here my bold attempt excuse,

And for to haere a simple boy in secret not refuse.

Who hath strange tidings from your sonne to tell vnto your grace. Exit.

Lord. Behold my Lord where as I gesse, some strangers enter place:

King. I hope my Clymon be not far, O h ioy, / see his face.

Cly. Come Knowledge, come forward, why art thou alwaies slacke?

Get you to Court, brush vp our apparel, vntrusse your packes

Go seek out my Page, bid him come to me with all speed you can:

Shift. Go seek out, fetch, bring here, gogs ounds, what am I, a dog or a man?

I were better be a hangman, and liue so like a drudge:

Since your new man came to you, I must packe, I must trudge.

Cly. How stands thou knaue? why gets thou not away?

Shift. Now, now sir, you are so hastie now, I know not what to say.

Cly. Onoble Prince, the Gods aboue preserue thy roiall grace:

King. How ioyfull is my heart deare sonne, to view againe thy face!

H 2

Cly. And

The Historie of Chyomon

Chyomon. And I as ioyfull in the view of parents happie plight,
Whome sacred gods long time maintaine in honor day and nigh.
But this my friend O facher deere, even as my selfe intreate,
Whose noblenes when thare shall serue to you he shall repeate.

King. If casse my sonne he be thy friend, with hart I thee imbrace:

Chyomon. With loyall hart in humble wise, I thankes your noble grace.

King. My Chyomon declare my sonne in thine aduentures late,
What hath bin wrought by fortune most to aduance thy noble state?

Chyomon. O father, the greatest ioy of all the ioyes which was to one assynd
Since first I left your noble court by cruell fortune blind,
Is now bereft from me away, through her accursed fate,
So that I rather finde she doth envy my noble state,
Then seeke for to aduance the same, so that I boldly may
Expresse she never gane so much, but more she tooke away.
And that which I have lost by her, and her accursed ire,
From trauell will I never cease, vntill I may aspire
Vnto the view thereof oh King, wherein is all my ioy.

King. Why how hath fortune wrought to thee this care and great annoy?

Chyomon. O father vnto me the heavenly powers assynd a noble dame,
With whome to live in happy life, my hart did wholie frame.
But noe long did that glasing starte, giue light vnto mine eyes,
But this fell fortune gins to sowne, which every state despite,
And takes away through canced hate that happy light from me,
In which I fixed had my hope, a blessed state to see:
And daughter to the King she was, which of strange Marshes hight,
Bearing brute each where, to be dame Bewries darling bright:
Right heire unto dame Vertues grace, dame Natures patterne true,
Dame Prudence scholler for her wile, dame Venus for her hue.
Dame for her daintie life, Syrune being sad,
Sage Saphie for her sobernesse, mald Morphie being glad.

And if I should recenter make, amongst the Muses nine,
My Lady lackt no kind of art, which man may well define.
Amongst those daintie dames to be, then let all judge that heare,
If that my cause it be not iust, for which this pensiuue cheare
Fell fortune forceth me to make.

King. Yet Chyomon good counsell take.

Let

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

Let not the losse of the Lady thine so pinch thy hart with griefe,
That nothing may vnto thy mind give comfort or reliefe:
What man there Ladies are enow, although that she be gone,
Then leue to waile the want of her, cease off to make this mone!

Clyo. No father, neuer seeme for to perswade, for as is said before,
What travell I haue had for her, it shall be tryple more,
Vntill I mee with her againe.

Clamy. Well Chyomon, a while refraine,
And let me here my woes recount before your fathers grace,
But let me craue, your sister may be sent for into place.
O King vouchsafe I may demand a simble bound,
Although a straunger, yet I hope such fauour may be found,
The thing is this, that you will lend for Juliana hither,
Your daughter faire, that we may talke a word or twaine togither.

King. For what, let me know sir knight, do you her sight desire?

Clyo. The cause pretends no harme my Liege, why he doth this require.
Ki. My Lord go bid our daughter come and speake with me straight way.
Lo. I shall my Liege in euerie point, your mind herein obey.

Clyo. Oh father this is Clamydes, and sonne to Swassis King,
Who for my sister ventured life, the serpents head to bring:
With whom I mee in trauell mine, but more whad did befall,
To worke his woe when as she comes, your grace shall know it all.

King. My sonne you are deceiued much, I you assure in this,
The person whom you tearme him for, in court alreadie is.

Clamy. No father I am not deceiued, this is Clamydes sure.

King. Well my sonne do cease a while such talke to put in vre:
For loe thy sister entereth place, which soone the doubt shall end.

Clyo. Then for to shew my name to her, I surely do pretend,
My Juliana noble Dame, Clamydes do embrase,
Who many a bitter brunt hath bode, since that he saw thy face.

Euer Juliana.

Auant dissembling wretch, what credit canst thou yeeld?
Wher's the serpents head thou brought, where is my glittering Sheeld?
Tush, tush sir knight, you counterfet, you would Clamydes be,
But want of these bewraies you quite, and shewes you are not he.

Clamy. O Princes do not me disdaine, I certaine am your knight:

H 3

India. What

Theystorie of Chyomon

India. What art thou frantick fadish man? auuant from out my sight.
If thou art he, then shew my sheeld, and bring the Serpents head:
Clamy. O Prince! to heare me shew my case, by Fortune fell decreed.
I am your Knight, and when I had subdued the monster fell,
Through wearie fight and travell great as Knowledge here can tell:
I laid me downe to rest a space within the Forrest, where
One Bryar than Sance soy hight, who with cowardly usage there,
By chaunting charme, brought me a sleepe, then did he take from me
The Serpentes head, my coate and sheeld, the which you gave to me:
And left me in his prison loes still sleeping as I was.
Loe Lady thus I lost those thinges which to me you gave,
But certainly I am your Knight, and he who did deprave
The flying Serpent of his life according as you willed;
That who so wonne your loue by him, the same should be fulfilled.
Ind. Alas poore knight, how simple haue you framed this excuse!
The name of such a noble knight to usurpe and eke abuse:
Clio. No sister, y ou are deceived, this is Clamydes sure:
India. No brother, then you are deceived, such tales to put in vre:
For my Clamydes is in Court, who did prefene to me,
In white attire the Serpentes head and Sheeld, as yet to see.
Clamy. That shall I quickly understand, O king permit I may
Haue conference a while with him, whom as your grace doth say,
Presents Clamydes, for to be before your roiall grace:
Jub. Behold no whit agast to shew himselfe, where he doth enter place.
Cla. Ah traytor, art thou he that doth my name and state abuse?
Ind. Sir knight you are too bold in presence here, such talke against him
for to vse.
Bry. Wherefore doest thou vpbraid me thus, thou varlet do declare?
Clio. No varlet he, to call him so, sir knight you are too blame:
Clamy. Wouldst thou perstand for what intent such talk I here do frame?
Because I know thou doest usurpe my state and noble name.
Bry. Who art thou, or what thy name? reanswere quickly make:
Clamy. I am Clamydes, whose name to beare, thou here doest vndertake.
Bry. Art thou Clamydes? vaunte thou false usurper of my state,
Auoyd this place, or death shall be thy most accursed fate.

How

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

How darest thou enterprise to take my name thus vnto thee?
Clamy. Nay rather, how darest thou attempt to usurpe the name of me:
India. You lie Sir Knight, he doth not so, aginst him you haue it done.
Clio. Sister you are deceived, my frind here is Clamydes Prince, the King
of Snamas sonne.
India. Nay Brother, neither you nor he can me deceiue herein:
Clamy. O King bowe downe thy princely eares, and listen what I say,
To proue my selfe the wight I am before your roiall grace,
And to disprone this faithlesse Knight which here I find in place,
For to usurpe my name so much, the combat will I trie:
For before I will mine honour loose, / rather chuse to die:
Ki. I like well your determined mind, but how say you sir knight?
Bryan. Nay by his ounds ile gage my gowne he dares not fight:
By gogs bloud I shall be slaine now, if the Combat I denie,
And not for the eares of my head with him I dare trie.
King. Sir knight why do you not reanswere make in triall of your name?
Bry. I will O King, if eas he dare in combat trie the same.
King. Well then go to prepare yourselves, each one his weapons take:
India. Goodfather let it not be so, restraine them for my sake:
I may not here behold my Knight in daunger for to be,
With such a one who doth usurpe his name to purchase me:
I speake not this for that I feare his force or strength in fight,
But that I will not haue him deale with such a desperate wight.
King. Nay sure, there is no better way then that which is decreed,
And therefore for to end their strife the combat shall proceed:
Sir knights prepare your selues, the truth thereof to trie:
Clamy. I readie am, no cowarly heart shall cause me to denie.
Bry. Nay ile never stand the triall of it, my heart to fighte doth fainte:
Therefore ile take me to my legs, seeing my honour I must attaine.
King. Why whither runs Clamydes? Sir knight seeme to stay him:
Clio. Nay it is Clamydes O King that doth tray him.
Clamy. Nay come sir come, for the combat we will trie:
Bry. Ah no my heart is done, to be Clamydes I denie.
King. Why how now Clamydes, how chance you do the combat here thus
shunne?
Bry. Oh King grant pardon vnto me, the thing I haue begunne
I must denie, for I am not Clamydes, this is plaine:

Thoughts

The Historie of Clyomon

Though greatly to my shame, I must my words revoke againe:
I am no other then the knight, whome they *Sance Foy* call,
This is *Clymon*, the feare of whom, my danted mind doth pall.

Inlur. Is this *Clymon*? ab worthy Knight, then do forgiue thy deere,
And welcome eke ten thousand times vnto thy Lady heere.

Clym. Ah my *Inlur* bright, what's past I do forgiue,
For well I see thou constant art, and whilst that I do liue,
For this, my firsned frind in thee for euer ile repose.

Inlur. O father now I do deny that wretch, and do amongst my foes
Recount him for this treason wrought.

King. Well Knowledge, take him vnto thee, and for the small regard
The which he had to valiant Knights, this shalbe his reward,
Sith he by charmes, his cruckie in cowardly manner wrought,
On Knights, who as *Clymon* did, the crowne of honour fought,
And trayterously did them betray, in prison for to keepe,
The fruits of such like cruckie, himselfe by vs shall reape:
By due desert therefore I charge to prison him conuay,
Therefor to lye perpetually vnto his dying day.

Bryan. Oh King be mercifull, and shew some fauour in this case:

King. Nay, never thinke that at my hands thou shalt finde any grace.
Clymon, ah most welcome thou, our daughter to enjoy,
The heauens be praid that this hath wrought, to foile all future noy.

Clymon. I thanke your Grace, that you thus so well esteeme of me.

Enter Knowledge. What is all things finished, and every man eas'd?

Is the pageant packed vp, and all parties pleased?
Hath each Lord his Lady, and each Lady her loue?

Clymon. Why *Knowledge*, what meant thou those motions to moue?

Knowledge. You were best stay awhile, and then you shall know,
For the Queene her selfe comes, the motion to shew.
You sent me if you remember, to seeke out your page,
But I cannot find him, I went whisling & calling through the court in such
At the last very scarcely in at a chamber I did pry. (a rage):

Where the Queene with other Ladys very busy I did spy:
Decking vp a strange Lady very gallant and gay,
To bring her here in presence, as in court I heard say.

Clymon. A strange Lady *Knowledge*, of whence is she? thou tell me?
Knowledge. Not I ant shall please you, but anon you shall see.

For

Knight of the golden Sheeld.

For lo where the Lady with your mother doth come!

Clymon. Then straightway my dutie to her grace shalbe done. (good will)
The mighty Gods preferue your state, O Queene, and mother deare,
Hoping your blessing I haue had, though absent many a yere. (glad),
¶ Enter *Queene*. My *Clymon*, thy sight my son doth make thy aged mother
Whose absence long and many a yere, hath made thy penitue parents sad.
And more to let thee know my sonne, that I do loue and tender thee,
I haue here for thy welcome home, a present which ile give to thee.
This Lady though she be vnuowne, refuse her not, for sure her state
Deserues a Princes sonne to wed, and therefore take her for thy mate.

Clymon. O noble Queene and mother deere, I thanke you for your great
But I am otherwise besettowd, and sure I must my oath fullill. (good will),
And so I mind if gods to fore on such decree I meane to paule,
For sure I must of force deny, my noble father knowes the cause. (wene).

King. Indeed my Queene this much he told, he lou'd a Lady since he
Who hath his hart and euer shall, and none but her to loue he is bent.

Clymon. So did I say, and so I wil, no beatuies blaze, no glistering wight,
Can cause me to forgoe her loue, to whom my faith I first did plight.

Nerones. Why are you so straight lac't sir Knight, so cast a Lady off so coy?
Turne once againe and looke on me, perhaps my sight may bring you ioy.

Clyo. Bring ioy to me? alas which way? no Ladies looks can make me glad:

Nero. Then were my recourence but small, to quit my paine for you I had.
Wherefore sir knight do wey my words, set not so light the loue I shew,
But when you haue bethought your selfe, you wil recant and turne / know.

Queene. My *Clymon* refuse her not, she is and must thy Lady be:

Clyo. If otherwise my mind be bent, I trust your grace will pardon me.

Nero. Wel then I see tis time to speake, sir knight let me one questiō craue,
Say on your mind. Where is that Lady now become, to whom your plighted
faith you gaue?

Clyo. Nay if I could absoluue that doubt, then were my mind at ease:

Nero. Were you not brought to health by her, whē you came sick once of
Cly. Yeasure I must confess a truthe, she did restore my health to me, (þ feaste)
For which good deed I rest her owne, in hope one day her face to see.

Nero. But did you not promise her to returne, to see her at a certaine day,
And ere you came that to performe, the *Norway* King stole her away?
And so your Lady there you lost:

Clymon. All this I graunt, but to his cost.

For stealing her against her will, this hand of mine bereft his life.

I

Ne. Now

The Historie of Clymon

No. Now fare sir knight you fended him wel, to teach him know an other mif.
But yet once more sir knight he reple, the trust I crave to understand; (wife:
In Forest once, who gane you drinke, whereas you stood with sword in had,
Pointing least feme had you purfude for slaying of your enemie?

Cly. That did a silly shepheards boy, which there I tooke my Page to be.
Lynne And what is of that Page become, remaine he with you yes or no?

Cly. I leane him his her ere I came, because the King and Queene shoud
That I in health retented was, but since I never saw him. (know,

No. And here he stands not far from hence, thoughi now you do not know
(him.

Cly. Meofir from hence, where might he be:

No. Of much Sir Knight, my sofe am he:
I broughte you the King, as herte the Queene can testifie:
I gane you drinke in a certein faire, when you with drought were like to die.
I found you once upon the shore full sicke, when as you came from seas,
There to your home to fathors Court, I sought al means your mind to please,
And so was thise all this while hym waitid like a Page on these:
Sightynge fayre spayn dñe wherwith I might discouer mee.

And so by hap as last I did, I thowtry our mothers noble gracie
She entreated me countreyly, when I had told her all my case,
And now herchis fuffit my deare, I am Neronis whom you see,
Sightynge a wondrefull thinge, before and since I met such thicke:
Cly. O knyght to you, O knyghtly knyght, O words more worth then gold,
Neronis, O my deare welcome, any armer I here vntold,
To clasp thy countey corps withall, twise welcome to thy knyght.

Nero. And a very full am no doubt, my Clymon of thy hapie sighte,
Cly. Clymons my affred friend, to how Dame Fortune fauoureth mee,
Ther to Clymon my deare lone, whose face so long I wylde to see.

h. S. My Clymon, I am as glad as you, your selfe to see this day:
Ki. Well daughter though a stranger yet, welcome to Court as I may say.

Quene. And Lady as welcome vnto me, as if thou were minis onely child.

Mars. Feareth your gracious curtesie, I thanke you noble Princes mild.
S. Ki. Though strange and vnacquainted yet, do make accouint you welcome

Your nuptiall day as well as mine, I know my father will prepare. (are)

King. Yes we're prest your nuptiall day with daughter ours to see,
As well as Clymons oon sonne, with this his Lady faire:

Come therefore to our Court, that we the same may soone prepare,
For we are prest throughout our land, for all our Peeres to send:

Omnes. Thy pleasure most renowned King, thy seruants shall attend.